

WILD WEST



A MAGAZINE CONTAINING STORIES, SKETCHES Etc. OF WESTERN LIFE.

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YOUNG WILD WEST'S BARGAIN!

OR, A RED MAN WITH A WHITE HEART.

By AN OLD SCOUT.

AND OTHER STORIES



Just as the two reached the front of Flannigan's place, a startling thing happened. A man in the doorway suddenly raised a revolver, and fired point blank at the breast of Young Wild West.

WILD WEST WEEKLY

A Magazine Containing Stories, Sketches, Etc., of Western Life

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YOUNG WILD WEST'S BARGAIN

— OR —

A RED MAN WITH A WHITE HEART

By AN OLD SCOUT

CHAPTER I.

IN THE CAVE.

"Whoo-hoo-whoohooowhoo!"

It was the war-cry of a Sioux warrior that rang out on the still night air.

Just before it the utmost silence had prevailed, and the party of four who had sought the refuge of a cave on the mountain-side to get out of the misty rain that was falling seized their rifles and sprang to their feet in alarm.

The scene was in the mountains that divided the Territories of Wyoming and Dakota, and the time was the summer of 1877.

The Sioux Indians had been very troublesome of late, as they had just returned from the borders of Canada, where they had been driven by the United States soldiers after the terrible massacre of General George A. Custer and his band.

It had become rumored around the town of Weston that Sitting Bull himself was in the mountains, planning fresh depredations to be committed on the palefaces who had entered the Sioux reservation in search of gold.

Sitting Bull had hurled defiance at the Government, and when finally terms of peace had been offered him, he would not believe that the "Great Father at Washington," as he called the President, was sincere.

But after a while he concluded to take the risk, and so the march was made back to the hills in the vicinity of the Little Big Horn, the favorite abiding place of the fierce and war-like Sioux.

A regiment of cavalry were in camp just outside of Weston, on the road that led to Spondulicks, one of the most thriving towns in Western Dakota at that time.

General Radson, the commander of the regiment, had enlisted the services of Young Wild West, Cheyenne Charlie, Jim Dart and Jack Robedee, four of the best known scouts in the Indian country.

Young Wild West and Jim Dart were nothing more than boys in age as neither of them had passed nineteen yet.

But they had had lots of experience, and had become notorious for the good they had done in hunting out hostile Indians and renegade white men.

Young Wild West was really the main one in the four.

He was handsome and straight as an arrow, and had a wealth of chestnut hair hanging over his shoulders.

He had never been known to do a wrong thing in his life, and he was admitted to be the champion deadshot of the West by all those who knew him, even to his enemies.

But he was more spoken of as the prince of the saddle than any other name.

The four were partners in the mining business at Weston, and through the good luck of Young Wild West they had grown rich.

It was this quartet who had taken refuge in the cave and had been disturbed by the war-whoop of a Sioux warrior just when they thought they were safe for the balance of the night.

We say balance of the night, because it was already past midnight, and they had given up the idea of reaching the camp of the cavalymen until after daylight.

"The redskins have located us, I guess," said Young Wild West, as he leaned in a listening attitude, after springing to his feet.

"That's what's the matter," nodded Cheyenne Charlie, twisting his black beard nervously. "I didn't think they would be able to follow our trail after the rain set in."

"Well, they have followed us here, but they haven't got us yet," spoke up young Jim Dart, with an air of determination.

"That's right, Jim!" exclaimed Jack Robedee. "They ain't got us yet, an' I reckon a few of 'em will bite the dust afore they do git us! We've found out a whole lot to-night, an' we must git to the camp to tell General Radson about it. The Sioux ain't goin' to stop us, either."

A smile of satisfaction played around the lips of handsome Young Wild West as he listened to this remark.

He had three of the bravest companions in the world, and no one knew it better than he.

If he had given the word just then to go out and engage the Indian who had uttered the war-whoop they would not have hesitated to do so.

What Young Wild West said was law with them.

He had carried them through many tight places by his keen knowledge of woodcraft and ever-ready wit.

"You know what that cry means?" he said questioningly to his partners.

"Yes," answered Cheyenne Charlie; "it means that they have located us an' are goin' to attack us."

"That is it exactly. They are confident that they've got us in a trap, and the fellow who uttered that cry did it to let his followers know it. Now, let them come!"

The four had dropped upon the cave by accident.

Though they were pretty well acquainted with that part of the country, they had never known of its existence before.

That signified that there must have been a landslide recently and brought it to light.

It was as dark as a pocket in the place, and they really did not know how far the cave extended.

But the opening being small, Young Wild West was confident that before the Indians got in there to kill or capture them, they would lose many of their men.

Wild and Jim stood at one side of the opening, and Charlie and Jack at the other.

Four trusty rifles would begin to belch fire as soon as the red men approached near enough to be located.

An interval of perhaps a minute followed the war-cry, and then it was repeated.

But this time it sounded farther away, and the four were a little puzzled.

Just then the neigh of a horse sounded, and then Young Wild West gave a start.

They had left their horses at the camp to come out on a scout and find out what the Indians were up to, and if our hero was not very much mistaken the animal that had just neighed was his sorrel stallion Spitfire.

The animal had been known to follow him before, and he at once came to the conclusion that Spitfire had broken loose in some way and come in search of him.

"That is my horse, I am sure," he whispered to his companions. "Now, I guess I know what the cries meant. The redskins found Spitfire, and were so elated that they could not restrain letting out their whar-whoop. They don't know we are here, but imagine that I must be around somewhere. Old Purple Face knows Spitfire, you know."

"I reckon he does," said Cheyenne Charlie. "He found that out yesterday when he tried to catch you. He must be mighty pleased at gittin' hold of ther stallion."

"No doubt; but I don't think he will keep him very long. I will risk my life to get Spitfire back. There never was a horse as good as him, and as he is not much more than a colt, he will be a wonder for several years yet. They have got him now, but they won't have him very long."

The four now listened to hear what was going on outside.

They could hear the captured horse trying to get away, and a smile crept over Wild's face as he thought what the animal would be apt to do if any of the redskins happened to get within range of his heels.

Presently they could hear the horse being led right toward the cave.

The next minute they could hear the guttural voices of a couple of the Indians, also.

They were conversing in their own language, and Wild and Charlie, being pretty well acquainted with the language, soon heard enough to learn that their presence in the vicinity was now known.

"Young Wild West's horse," one of them said. "Young Wild West must be around somewhere. We must find him."

"Yes; we must find him. We will go and tell Purple Face first, and then go and find the paleface brave. Purple Face likes Young Wild West's horse. He will be glad."

Our hero nudged the scout at this.

Then he crept out of the cave and started toward the two unsuspecting braves.

Cheyenne Charlie followed him closely, and then came Jim and Jack.

Wild had not signified that he wanted the latter two to go with him, but they felt that they would get near enough to assist in case they were wanted.

They were quite certain that there were more than two of the Sioux in the vicinity.

Meanwhile, Wild and Charlie rapidly neared the two redskins, who were having considerable of a time in holding the horse.

Suddenly the handsome creature gave a whinny of recognition.

His sharp ears had heard some one approaching, and his wonderful instinct told him that it was his master.

The Indians must have understood what the whinny meant, for they remained strangely silent.

Wild and the scout were within ten feet of them now.

Wild paused long enough to allow his companion to get alongside of him.

"We must down them!" he whispered. "Now!"

The next instant they were upon their feet and upon the Indians.

Two quick thuds sounded, and down went the surprised red men from blows from the butts of our two friends' revolvers.

They knew just where and how to strike, and neither of them made a miss of it.

The horse gave a neigh, and rubbed his nose against our hero's shoulder.

Wild gave him a couple of strokes, and then he was perfectly silent.

Jim and Jack had now reached the scene, and without a

word they took hold of the fallen Indian and started to drag them back into the cave.

This was just what Young Wild West wanted done with them, for he knew they were simply unconscious and would soon come to.

"What are you goin' to do with ther horse?" asked Charlie, in a whisper.

"Keep him here with us till daylight," was the reply. "It is too dark for us to start for the camp now, and, besides, the Indians are no doubt all around us. We are safer here than anywhere else within a mile, I think."

"That's so."

Cheyenne Charlie now made his way back to the cave, and Wild followed, leading the sorrel steed by the broken halter that was on him.

The opening was large enough to admit the horse, and once in the cave, Wild tied him to a jutting piece of rock.

Meanwhile, Jim and Jack were busy binding and gagging the two Indians.

One had just come to, and Jim had managed to stop up his mouth in time to prevent him from uttering a cry.

Wild took the risk of lighting a match now.

In going out he had noticed that they had to make a sharp turn to the left, and that there were high rocks on either side that would make it almost impossible for the flame to be seen, unless the person who saw it was within a few feet of the cave.

The boy wanted to see just what sort of a place they were in.

He had just lighted the match when a scurrying sound came from the back of the cave.

It sounded as though some one was running away.

Instantly he started in pursuit.

It struck all hands that there must be another entrance to the cave.

And it must certainly be one of the Indians who had been spying upon them.

Young Wild West, knife in hand, crept rapidly toward the spot the sounds had come from.

The sounds of receding footsteps had ceased, but he could hear something that sounded very much like a person breathing.

As noiseless as a cat he crept into the interior of the place. He could not see his hand before his face, if he were to try, so inky was the darkness.

Without the least hesitation the brave young fellow crept on.

The breathing could be heard plainer all the time, and suddenly it occurred to him that it did not sound as though it came from a man.

Before he had time to consider any farther a startling thing occurred.

A lithe body leaped through the darkness and landed almost squarely upon him.

Wild was not expecting such a move, but he was equal to it, for he rolled over as he was borne to the ground and struck a quick blow with his knife.

A fierce growl then rang out, and he knew that his assailant was a beast—a mountain lion, perhaps.

"Light a match!" he cried, as he gave another roll just in time to miss being again leaped upon by the animal.

Cheyenne Charlie was in the act of doing this the very instant he heard the growl.

As the flickering flame lighted the somber darkness of the cave Young Wild West shot his knife forward.

This time he saw what he was striking at.

The sharp-pointed blade entered the beast's throat and sank deep into its shoulder blade.

The fierce animal had received its death blow, but was full of fight yet.

Once more it leaped toward the brave boy, and once again he rolled out of the way.

Charlie was upon the spot now, and he was just about to plunge his knife into the lion when it dropped to the ground and gave up the ghost.

"Whew!" exclaimed Young Wild West, as he gave a sigh of relief and arose to his feet. "That fellow was worse than an Indian. I had no idea it was a catamount. His sharp claws ripped the sleeve from my coat too quick for anything."

"Did it tear your arm any?" Jim asked anxiously.

"Nothing to speak of," was the reply. "I—"

Before our hero could finish what he was going to say there was the sound of rushing feet, followed by a wild yell, and the next moment a swarm of Indians burst into the cave.

One of the copper-skinned invaders carried a burning brand, and this gave our four friends a chance that their foes had not counted on.

The palefaces could see them quite plainly, while they were hidden in the darkness.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Four shots rang out, and as many of the Indians dropped to the ground.

Then Wild and his partners immediately shifted their quarters.

The redskins fired half a dozen shots without effect, and then four more shots rang out almost as one.

Again the surprised scouts shifted their positions.

But there was no victory for either side yet.

CHAPTER II.

SOME QUEER HAPPENINGS.

The redskin carrying the burning brand suddenly realized that he was showing the palefaces where they were, so they had good targets to shoot at.

As soon as this came to him, he hurled it back into the cave.

It struck a projecting wall of rock, and the sparks were scattered around so the whole interior of the cave was lighted for the space of a few seconds.

There were about a dozen of the Indians inside and more waiting to get a chance to get in.

Some of them saw the prisoners crawling back into the rather wide mouth of the passage, and others saw Wild's horse.

The sight of both brought a series of yells of satisfaction from their lips.

As if bent on taking them alive, the warriors made a combined rush for the four.

Our friends fired another volley into their ranks and then took to their heels.

The light from the scattered embers of the firebrand had shown them a passage leading from the rear of the cave, and they did not hesitate to take refuge in it.

It was this place that the mountain lion had come from, and it was just possible that the mate of the slain beast might be in there.

But that made no difference to the brave scouts just then.

They were outnumbered five to one, and the only thing for them to do was to get to a place where they could hold them at bay.

Had it not been for the mountain lion the Indians would never have got into the cave at all.

They would have been shot down as fast as they tried to enter.

But the brief fight between Wild and the savage beast attracted the attention of his three partners, and it was during that time that the reds made the rush into the cave.

"Keep right on going," said Wild to his friends, speaking in a very low tone. "It strikes me that we may be able to get out by another way. If we can find such a way we will be able to fool the Indians, after all."

They had not gone more than fifty feet, however, before they were compelled to stoop to get through the passage they had discovered in such a peculiar way.

But it was plenty wide enough to allow them to pass two abreast, so they kept right on.

And the best part of it was that the redskins were not following them.

They had not learned yet that there was a passage leading from the rear of the cave.

Jack Robedee was a trifle in advance of the others, and suddenly he gave a sharp cry of warning.

At the same time his companions heard a rattling of stones and lowered dirt.

Wild had been next to Jack, and as he reached out to try and catch him, the ground caved from beneath his feet and he went down like a shot for about a dozen feet.

His feet struck upon a slippery wall of rock that was at an angle, and though he did his best to stay where he landed, he went sliding down, and unable to keep his balance, he tumbled over and over, as though he was nothing more than a sack of potatoes.

There was nothing that he could grasp to get a hold upon, and down he went for almost a hundred feet.

Then he brought up with a thud in a bed of yielding sand.

"My!" he gasped. "That was about the worst tumble I ever had in my life!"

Just then a hand touched him and the voice of Jack exclaimed:

"Where are we, anyhow?"

Robedee spoke in a dazed manner, showing that the tumble had muddled him considerably.

"That is more than I can say," Wild replied, quickly pulling himself together.

The words were scarcely out of his lips when they heard a shower of dirt and stones coming down the chute-like place.

Both got out of the way in short order.

The next moment Charlie and Jim landed in a confused heap at their feet.

Wild was not sure it was them until he lighted a match.

He could not help smiling when he saw the looks of surprise on their faces.

"What's the matter, anyway?" asked Charlie, as he scrambled to his feet and shook the dirt from his clothes.

"We come just a little too far back into the passage, I guess," replied Wild.

"Gee whiz! I reckon we did. You had scarcely disappeared when the ground dropped right from under us, and then down we come after you. What kind of a place is this cave, I'd like to know? I never knowed it was here before, and it seems as though it must be enchanted, or somethin' like it."

"I guess it ain't enchanted; but it is rather a peculiar place, though," Jim observed.

"Never mind about the enchanted part of it," spoke up our hero. "The first thing we know some of the Indians will come tumbling down the same way we did. Have you fellows got your weapons yet?"

An examination showed that Jim and Jack had lost their rifles in their descent, but beyond that they had everything they possessed when they had tumbled down.

The four now stood on the level rocky floor of the deep underground place they had fallen in, waiting and listening for some signs of the Indians.

They could hear the faint hum of excited voices far above them, and presently a burning firebrand came tumbling down.

"Ah!" exclaimed Young Wild West, as he picked it up. "Just what we want. I guess this means that the Sioux are not coming down. They have found where we disappeared so suddenly, and they must have tossed this blazing stick down to endeavor to see what became of us."

The stick was a pine one, and it was full of sap, so it burned readily enough when Wild held it up.

"We may as well look for a way to get out of here," he said. "Come on!"

He knew it was utterly useless to think of getting out by the way they had come down, even if the Indians were not up there to head them off, so he began to examine the place they had so unceremoniously landed in.

In general appearance it was much the same as the cave above, only that it was higher and larger in extent.

As Wild walked away from the bottom of the chute he suddenly noticed that there was a draught of air coming from somewhere ahead of him.

It was so strong that it fanned the burning pine stick into a brighter blaze.

This made him hopeful, for there certainly must be an opening somewhere to cause such a draught.

As he made his way back the cave gradually narrowed, and the next instant he felt the rain beating on his face.

He came to an abrupt halt, and then involuntarily took a step backward.

And it was lucky that he did so, for he was on the verge of a precipice.

One step further and he would have gone over the edge.

That would have been worse than tumbling down the chute.

"Boys," said he, calmly, "we can go no further in this direction. We may as well stop right here till morning, so we can see what we are doing."

The four had certainly had a strange experience that night.

They had left the camp of the soldiers shortly after darkness set in, and had located the Indians and found out about how many there were of them.

It had taken considerable time to do this, and when the rain came up they were on a part of the mountain that was dangerous to traverse in the darkness, as there were so many pitfalls.

They had been compelled to come around by this route, as the Sioux were as thick as fleas, and it had been with the utmost difficulty that they broke through their lines.

It would be better to run the risk of getting back to the

camp in the daylight than it would to tackle the task in the darkness.

That was why they had resolved to stay in the cave all night.

The surprises they had met with in the cave were certainly enough to set an ordinary person to thinking.

And now they were in a cave that was far down below the level of where they entered the first one, and a yawning precipice was right before them.

As strange and unusual as this was, Young Wild West did not seem to be worried a particle.

When he proposed that they remain right where they were till daylight came, he talked as though they were in no particular danger.

And his manner made the others feel perfectly at their ease.

"There is only one thing that bothers me," observed Wild, after they had found a comfortable place to sit down out of the draught, "and that is my horse. I took him from the Indians once, and now they've got him back again, I suppose."

"Well, they won't hurt him—that you kin be sure of," spoke up Charlie. "Ther chief is dead in love with Spitfire, an' all ther harm I wish him is that he'll git clucked from ther saddle an' git his neck broke ther first time he goes to ride him."

"That's it!" exclaimed Jack.

"Indian chiefs are generally capable of riding almost any kind of a horse, you know," said Jim. "It is not likely that Spitfire will throw Purple Face, though he will no doubt try to do so. In his wild state, when Wild first tamed him, he would have unsented the old redskin as fast as he got upon his back; but it is different now."

"That is right," nodded our hero. "The stallion is now as tame as the general run of his class, though he don't want every one who comes along to ride him."

The four now settled down to make the best of their wait for daylight.

They were pretty sure that since the Indians had found why they had disappeared they would be safe from them.

They would not be likely to drop down to search for them.

They would no doubt think that if they had not been killed by the fall they would stay there till they starved to death.

So when Young Wild West dropped into a doze a few minutes after he sat down in a snug corner, the rest did not try to keep awake.

The result was that all four were soon in a sound slumber that was as refreshing to them as though they had been asleep in their beds in Weston.

It was broad daylight when Jim Dart awoke.

He rubbed his eyes and then got upon his feet.

His companions were still soundly sleeping, and he did not bother to awaken them till he had taken a look around.

He stepped over to the ledge that Wild had so nearly stepped from when they came to the place the night before.

The first thing he did was to peer down into the depths of the chasm.

The bottom was so far down that it was dark there.

Then Jim craned his neck and looked upward.

He saw the brink of the precipice about seventy feet above him.

He also took note of the fact that there was no way to get up there.

Having convinced himself of this, Dart walked over to his sleepy companions and roused them.

They got upon their feet in short order.

"Has it stopped raining?" asked Wild.

"Yes," was the reply; "but it is still overcast. Wild, it strikes me that we have got to stay here."

"Got to stay here?" observed our hero. "What do you mean by that?"

"Step out on the ledge there and take a look for yourself."

The prince of the saddle did so.

"We are in a sort of pickle, I guess," he observed, after he had looked carefully at the frowning cliffs above the ledge; "but I was never in a place yet that I did not manage to get out of, so I guess we will find a way to get up there."

Charlie and Jack then took a look.

They could not see the least chance of getting up, but they were not discouraged after hearing the words of their brave young leader.

From their sleep in the rather damp place they were stiffened slightly in their muscles.

Young Wild West proceeded to exercise himself by walking about and moving his arms after the fashion of an athlete in training.

The others followed his example, and at the expiration of five minutes they had worked themselves into good shape and were as hungry as bears.

But there was nothing to eat in the party, so there was nothing for them to do but to curb their hunger as much as possible and wait till they got back to the camp.

And that was nearly seven miles away.

Wild went out on the ledge and again took a look around. He was getting puzzled to think of a way to get out of their predicament.

As he looked upward for the fourth or fifth time he suddenly saw something that caused him to dart back into the cave.

An Indian was being lowered down from the top of the precipice!

This was startling enough in itself, but the fact that he noticed in that brief glance that the Indian was bound hand and foot made it all the more surprising.

He quickly told his companions what he had seen.

Then all hands watched to see what would happen.

It was several seconds before the form of the bound red man appeared to their view.

Slowly he dropped past the mouth of the cave, and as he did so they noticed that he was gagged, as well as bound.

What could it mean?

The helpless Indian caught sight of them as he went down, and the look that came from his dark eyes was an appealing, not to say hopeful, one.

Our friends remained perfectly silent until they saw the rope come to a standstill.

"That beats anything I ever saw!" exclaimed Young Wild West.

Before his companions could make a reply to this they heard a yell of triumph and satisfaction from a party of Sioux above them.

Then our hero realized what it meant.

"This fellow has been a traitor," he said, "and they have lowered him down the face of the precipice to let him die by degrees as a punishment. Boys, we are in luck."

"Ye-e-es!" answered Jim, speaking a trifle vaguely, as he did not quite see the point, but did not doubt that such was the case, since Wild had said it.

The rope they lowered the redskin down with will get us out of our prison."

"Ah!"

It came to the three all of a sudden then.

"We will wait till they go away, and then we will haul the fellow up here," went on our hero.

"That's ther idea!" exclaimed Jack.

"They will not remain long, but will come back at intervals to enjoy the agony of their victim."

"Ther yellin' has stopped, so I reckon they must be lightin' out now," spoke up Charlie.

Wild waited five minutes, and then he stepped over and pulled the rope close to the edge.

Then all hands got hold of it, and the next instant the unhappy redskin was hauled into the cave.

CHAPTER III.

THE SCOUT GETS BACK TO WESTON.

The Indian gave a grateful look as Wild removed the gag from his mouth, and said in remarkably good English:

"Thank you!"

"You are welcome, I am sure," was the reply. "What is the trouble—some of your own tribe gone back on you?"

"Yes; they hang Straight Eye down the cliff to let him die. They say he a traitor because he no want to make war with the palefaces."

"So that is how it is?"

"Yes; I tell the truth. I am not a bad Indian. I have been to the paleface school and the church. I can read the language of the white man, and I know the difference between right and wrong. I come to see my brother Purple Face two weeks ago, and when he make war with the soldiers I not go back, because I afraid that the soldiers shoot me. I try to make my brother stop fighting, but he is a bad Indian, and he say that if I don't fight with him he kill me. He told me that in two weeks I must die a slow death if I did not agree to help him whip the palefaces and burn their houses."

"And the two weeks were up this morning—is that it?"

questioned our hero, who was half inclined to believe that the Sioux was telling the truth.

"Yes. Purple Face spit in my face, and then make twelve of his warriors take me to the cliff and hang me over to starve to death. Straight Eye is thankful to you, and he will fight for Young Wild West as long as the red blood flows through his veins and he can see the green leaves and the sunlight on the hillsides."

"You know who I am, then?"

"Yes. I know you. I have seen you before. I see you last night creeping along close to the camp of Purple Face. I did not notice you; I let you go, because I know that the Indians have no right to make war on the palefaces, who always treat them right and make peace with them."

"See here, Straight Eye, can you tell me just where you saw me, and who was with me at the time?"

"Yes. He with you by two cedars when the fire of Purple Face was but a stone's throw away. You count the tepees, and then you go away."

The Indian nodded toward Cheyenne Charlie as he spoke, and the scout at once retorted:

"That's right, Wild. I guess ther redskin tells ther truth."

"My skin is red, but my heart is white!" exclaimed Straight Eye, with a feeling of pride that swelled out his chest.

"All right, Straight Eye."

With that Young Wild West cut the thongs that bound him.

Thus liberated, the Indian got upon his feet and drew himself up to his full height, showing that he was as straight as an arrow, and very muscular.

His face showed signs of remarkable intelligence, too, and was not altogether ugly.

"I will shake hands with Young Wild West and make a bargain with him," he said, putting out his hand.

"All right," responded Wild, and he grasped the red man's palm in his own.

"If Young Wild West let me go with him to live with the palefaces I will help him fight my brother, the bad chief."

"All right, Straight Eye. I will agree to that."

"That is Young Wild West's bargain?"

"Yes; I will make that bargain with you."

"Good! Straight Eye glad that Purple Face hang him down from the cliff. Come; we must get to the top. How you get here, anyhow?" and he looked puzzled, noticing that the four whites were in a rather peculiar place.

Wild quickly explained that they had fallen down there from the cave above while being chased by the red men.

He seemed satisfied at this, and then showed his eagerness to get to the top of the cliff.

"The braves of Purple Face come back in half an hour," he remarked. "They come back to laugh at the sufferings of Straight Eye. They find him gone!"

"That is right, Straight Eye."

"I s'pose we had better go on up," spoke up Jack, questioningly.

"Yes," answered Wild. "Jim, you go first."

"All right," replied Dart, and the next moment he was nimbly climbing the rope, while Charlie and Jack held it taut from the mouth of the cave.

The boy was very active and supple, and he was up to the top of the cliff in short order.

Then Wild went up.

Jack, who was a little clumsy, on account of his being rather stout, was then hauled up by the two boys, and there being three of them to do it, they easily hauled Charlie up.

Straight Eye was the last to leave the ledge by his own request, and though he wanted to climb the rope, they would not let him.

It was an easy thing to haul him up.

The five were now on solid ground, and as they looked around them the partners recognized some familiar landmarks, and thus located the place where they were.

"We will make for the camp at once," said Wild. "The quicker we get there the better it will be now."

"It's too bad ther redskins have got your horse," observed Robedee.

"Straight Eye will get Young Wild West's horse," spoke up the rescued Indian. "He get him to-night."

There was such a look of earnestness on his face when he said this that Wild felt certain that he meant it.

"All right," he said; and then they started in the direction of the camp of General Radson.

It was necessary that they should proceed with the utmost caution, as the Indians were lying all about that vicinity.

When they had covered perhaps a quarter of a mile they

narrowly escaped being seen by two mounted warriors who were scouting around to make sure that the whites were not advancing upon them.

Straight Eye frowned when he saw the braves, but said nothing.

That one act of his convinced Young Wild West that he was really a red man with a white heart.

Our hero was glad that he had made such an important ally, as the Sioux on the mountain were in large numbers, and it would take more than one regiment of soldiers to defeat them.

The red fiends had already wiped out the little town called Nugget Flats, which was only a few miles from Weston.

They had slain and driven out the entire population and were now working dangerously close to Weston.

The railroad that ran from Spondulicks to Weston was being guarded by troops, and almost every day during the past week these had been attacked by roving bands of Sioux which took to the wildness of the mountain as soon as the blue coats got a line on them.

Young Wild West and his partners had no equals as scouts or woodsmen, and with the intelligent young chief, Straight Eye, who had given up his people and joined his fortunes with those of the whites, they would fully be equal to the task of working their way to the camp of the soldiers.

And so it proved, for in less than an hour they were safely within a quarter of a mile of it.

It was at this juncture that they were halted by a sentinel, and after making themselves known, our four friends passed within the lines with their redskin companion.

As soon as it became known to him that Young Wild West had returned from his scouting expedition, General Radson sent for him to come to him.

Wild promptly did so, bidding the others to follow him.

They saluted in true military style, even to Straight Eye, who seemed to know the ways of the paleface soldiers to perfection.

In his easy, frank way, Young Wild West told the general just what they had learned, which was that there were at least a thousand Sioux Indians camped within five miles of them, and that they were bent on sweeping the whites off the face of the earth.

Straight Eye, after being introduced, verified this statement.

The general was much disturbed, though not at all afraid that he would not be able to handle that number of redskins.

He had received advices from other sources that there were other big bands of Sioux making for that source, and he was afraid that if four or five thousand of them got there in a mass they would wipe out the town of Weston and create havoc in the surrounding country.

The mountain would make admirable fighting grounds for the red men, and it would take a full-sized army to dislodge them if they once got their full forces together.

As there was nothing for them to do the balance of the day, our friends started for Weston, which only lay some six miles distant.

They took their Indian friend with them, all save Jack having learned to like him pretty well by this time.

Robedee said nothing before the chief, but he told the others that the only good Indians there were in creation were the dead ones.

Wild took Straight Eye direct to the quarters he occupied with Jim Dart when they got into town.

He introduced him to Wing Wah, their Chinese cook, and Ike, the darky who did the outside work for the house, as the red man with the white heart.

The Chinaman did not understand this very well, but he knew enough to take it that the Indian was to be treated with respect.

Straight Eye was delighted when he found that he was to be installed at the quarters of Young Wild West, and he at once produced a bag of gold dust from the belt he wore next to his skin and tendered it to Wild.

"What is that for?" our hero asked.

"It is a present from Straight Eye," was the retort. "Young Wild West is a great brave. He believes what I tell him, and he must take the gold to please me."

"I don't want it, Straight Eye. I have sufficient money of my own. I may say that I am rich, and so are my friends. We have been lucky since we came to dig for gold in the red man's country. You shall pay me nothing for living here while you are in town. All I expect of you is to stick to the bargain I made with you."

"All right." And the Indian placed the bag back where

He had taken it from in a rather disappointed way. "All right. But will Young Wild West sell me a suit of clothes like he and his friends wear? I want to live like the white men. I will no longer paint my face and wear the eagle's feathers in my hair. I will be like the white man in everything but the color of my skin, which I can't change."

"I will make you a present of a suit of clothes. I will show you what I have got, and you can take your pick. I will do that gladly, Straight Eye, for I feel that you are my friend."

"Let me once more shake the hand of Young Wild West for saying that. His voice is like sweet music to my ears. He is the greatest brave I ever knew, and I love him for it."

Wild good-naturedly allowed the Indian to grasp his hand, and he noticed that the grip he received was as fervent as he had ever felt.

An hour after that our hero showed him the stock of clothing he had on hand, which, by the way, was no mean one, as the boy always made it a point to wear the best that money could buy.

There was a little difference in the size of the two, for, though a boy in years, Young Wild West was a full-grown man in size.

The chief selected a gaudy costume that Wild had worn on a gala occasion at Spondulicks, and when he was told that he could take it and welcome, his joy knew no bounds.

He insisted on kissing the hand of the young prince of the saddle, a proceeding that our hero was not much in favor of, but he allowed him to do it, nevertheless.

Leaving Jim to entertain their new friend, Wild took a walk over to the post-office to call on his pretty sweetheart, Arietta Murdock.

He had been away for three days, and he knew the girl would be worrying about him, since she had been opposed to his going on the dangerous mission.

"Hello, Et!" he called out, cheerily, as he walked into the office and found the postmistress busy sorting out the mail that was to go out by the mail train that left the town at one o'clock.

"I am so glad that you are back, Wild," was the joyous reply, and she at once ceased her worry and ran around the counter to meet him.

"I told you I would come back safe and sound, didn't I?"

"Yes; but some of these times you won't, perhaps. How did you find the situation? Is it as bad as you thought it was?"

"Worse, little one; worse!"

This was said in a grave voice, and a deep look of anxiety came over the fair face of Arietta.

"You don't think they will get as far as here, do you?" she asked.

"I hope not; but at the present time there are about a thousand of Sitting Bull's warriors within ten miles of this place. They are up on the mountain to the right of the trail that leads over the boundary line into Wyoming. General Radson told me this morning that he had received reports that there were thousands more of them gathering to this point. You see, they are afraid that the Government means to trick them and wipe them out as soon as they are caught napping, and Sitting Bull has decided to force the fighting till he wins or loses."

"Wouldn't it be awful if they were to get into Weston? Just think of the slaughter, and the blood! I thought that I was never to come in contact with the demons again. I have had all the experience I want with them."

"Now don't you worry, little one, about the Sioux getting here and burning our town. We can raise an army of our own; we have the best shots in the world right here in Weston. We would slaughter them like sheep if they dared to attempt to come in here."

"But if there are thousands of them, what could the men of Weston do against them?"

"Well, there won't be thousands of them by the time the regulars get through with them. I just left General Radson with over seven hundred men waiting to attack the thousand Sioux who are four miles back of them in the mountains, and there are other regiments stationed here and there along the line of the railroad. Don't you worry, Et; you will never see any hostile Indians come into Weston, unless they come as prisoners."

"What is that I hear you talking about?" asked old man Murdock, the grandfather of Arietta, as he came up from the back of the store. "Injuns gettin' thick, hey?"

"Yes, as thick as fleas on a dog in summer-time. But the soldiers are pretty thick, too, so that about evens it up. There's

going to be lots of blood shed, though, before this thing is through. Sitting Bull is going to do or die this time."

"Well, I reckon it'll be a case of die with the old regime, then," and the old man shifted his quid of tobacco in a way that showed how confident he was that the red-skins would be beaten.

He was a good shot, as old as he was, and should it come to the point, old man Murdock would be one of the first to take up his rifle and fight for the town.

While the three were talking in the post-office Wild happened to glance from the window and saw Jim Dart and Straight Eye approaching.

"Et," said he, turning to his sweetheart, "I am going to introduce you to the sort of person you never saw before. Here he comes with Jim."

"An Indian!" gasped the girl in surprise.

"Yes; a red man with a white heart."

CHAPTER IV.

STRAIGHT EYE IS INTRODUCED IN WESTON.

Wild walked out on the stoop, followed by Arietta and her grandfather.

The face of Straight Eye lighted up with a smile when he saw the prince of the saddle, and he hurried to meet him.

He was attired in the suit of buckskin Wild had given him, and with the cowboy hat he had on his head, he made quite a civilized appearance.

"Ah!" exclaimed our hero, as the Indian came to a halt in front of him, as though waiting to be told what to do: "you look much better, I must say. Allow me to introduce you to Miss Murdock and her grandfather, Mr. Murdock. Straight Eye is a white redskin, so you need not be afraid to shake hands with him," he added, turning to Arietta and the old man.

The young chief seemed much pleased at the introduction, and he conversed with them in pretty good English long enough to show them that he knew a great deal more than the average Indian and about as much as the average white man in that section.

"It was I who proposed to walk over here and let him show off his new rig," said Jim, with a laugh.

"Well, seeing that you have come, let's take a walk over to the Gazoo and see Brown. I suppose he will want to know how we made out on our scouting trip," remarked our hero.

This just suited Jim, as he rather liked Brown, the proprietor of the hotel, as he was a square man and ran the really only decent hotel in the town.

Wild told Arietta that he would see her again before he went out of town, and then the three walked over to the hotel.

There was quite a crowd in the hotel, most of whom knew Wild and Jim, and when they entered they were greeted in a hearty manner.

The strangers present were rather an evil-looking lot.

There were four of them, and one, who appeared to be a sort of leader, had a deep red scar running across his forehead which gave him anything but a prepossessing appearance.

They looked at our friends with interest, and he of the scarred face remarked, loud enough for every one to hear:

"An Injun, by jingo! An' he's dressed up in man's clothes! I don't think much of any one that travels with such cattle, an' I'm surprised to see that they have got so many friends here."

"People generally do get surprised when they come to Weston," remarked John Sedgwick, or Quiet John, the bartender, as he was called.

"What do you mean by that?" was the angry retort.

"See here!" exclaimed Wild, walking up to the fellow. "I guess I am one of those you referred to, so don't pick a muss with the barkeeper. If you have anything more to say, just say it to me."

"And when you get through with him tell me all about it," added Dart, as he moved up to the side of Wild.

"Me, too," said Straight Eye, his dark eyes looking dangerously.

"Well, I'll be ever-a-tingly jiggered!" cried the scar-faced man, turning to his three companions in surprise. "What do you think of that, boys? A couple of young Amundson tallen' to Scarface Dan like that?"

Brown now made his appearance from behind the bar.

He was quite sure that something would happen unless he quieted the man, so he tried to do so.

"Take it easy, gents!" he called out. "This is Young Wild West an' Jim Dart, an' they are two of the whitest boys in Weston. Don't go to startin' any muss in my place, for if you do you are bound to git ther worst of it."

"You shut up!" roared the fellow who called himself Scar-face Dan. "I'll let some lead in you for the first one if you don't!"

He whipped out his revolver to emphasize his words, and then something happened that almost took his breath away.

Young Wild West knocked the weapon from his hand with a lightning-like movement, and then, seizing him by the shoulders, ran him out through the door into the street.

"Now, then, you big bluffer, if you want anything out of me, start in and take it," said the boy, calmly.

The crowd immediately rushed out to see the fun, among them the three friends of Scar-face Dan.

But Jim Dart was keeping a watch on them, as were some of the miners, who were staunch friends of Wild.

The mussy man had been taken so completely by surprise that he had not been able to stop our hero from hustling him out of the place, but now he broke into a fearful rage and made a grab for Wild.

If he had succeeded in getting hold of him he would certainly have handled him roughly.

But Wild saw to it that he did not get hold of him; and he did more.

He struck him a stunning blow between the eyes which caused him to reel and fall to the ground.

A hoarse cry of astonishment went up from the three strangers.

To see their friend, Scar-face Dan, knocked down by a boy was more than they expected.

But they were going to be surprised still more before they got through.

The big bully staggered to his feet and drew the remaining revolver he had in his belt.

Wild was not close enough to prevent him from firing, but he jumped nimbly out of the way as the trigger was pressed.

The result was that the bullet went wide of its mark.

Then a revolver in the hands of Young Wild West cracked, and Scar-face Dan's arm dropped to his side, the revolver falling from his hand to the ground.

The bullet had broken his wrist.

"Are you satisfied, you big honad?" the boy asked. "Do you want a doctor to fix up your wrist, or do you want me to make you ready to turn over to the undertaker?"

"I weaken," was the quick reply. "I've got enough."

"But I ain't!" cried one of his friends, raising his shooter to kill Young Wild West.

Crack!

A report rang out, but it did not come from his revolver! Straight Eye had been too quick for him, and the villain dropped to the ground and gave up the ghost.

As soon as the other two realized that their friend had been shot by an Indian they rushed toward the young chief to fill him full of lead.

They had drawn their revolvers, but before they could fire them they found themselves staring into the muzzles of the weapons Wild and Jim Dart had in their hands.

"Drop your shooters, strangers!"

It was our hero who said this in a clear, calm voice.

The men lowered their hands a little and hesitated.

"Drop 'em!"

The command came in a ringing tone this time, and down went the pistols.

"Now, I want to know whether you people are going to behave yourselves or not," observed our hero in his calm way. "You raised a muss just because we came into the hotel in the company of a man whom nature endowed with a red skin. You insulted us and were bent on getting into trouble; now that you have got in it, you may thank your stars if you get out of it alive. Our Indian friend here is much more of a gent than any of you are, and I want you all to apologize to him for what you said. If you don't do as I say I am going to shoot you down like the dogs you are. Now, then, apologize!"

It was astonishing to see how readily the two men obeyed.

They even took off their hats when they faced Straight Eye and begged his pardon.

Then Scar-face Dan dropped up and did the same thing.

"Now go and hunt up the doctor and get your wounded friend fixed up," said Wild to the big bully. "And every

time you feel a tinge of pain from it, just be thankful that the bullet didn't strike your heart instead of your wrist."

The three turned to walk away, but Brown called them back.

"There's a dollar and a half owed to the bar by one of you," he remarked. "Jest settle up before you go; an' another thing, you want to notify the undertaker, who lives right alongside ther doctor in that brown house. Jest send him over here an' let him take charge of ther remains of your friend."

"All right," answered Scar-face Dan, and he thrust his left hand in his pocket and produced the money to pay what was due the bar.

Wild now went back into the hotel, the crowd following him.

He ordered cigars for himself and Jim, and told the rest to take what they liked.

Straight Eye took a temperance drink, declaring that he never drank anything strong, as whisky was the ruination of the majority of his people.

Our friends spent about an hour at the Gazoo, and during the time Wild told Brown all about the Indian situation and how grave it really was.

"Well, Wild, I'll tell you what I'll do," the hotel proprietor said. "I'll organize a band of twenty good men, an' I'll have 'em ready at your call. I'll call it Brown's Company, an' you kin bet that every man will be a born fighter."

"That's the idea! You go ahead and do that right away. We may need a whole lot of men before we get through. I am going to see Dove-Eye Dave by and by, and tell him to get at least a hundred men ready for business. Then I will go over to the other hotels and see what the proprietors can do about it. We ought to be able to raise at least three hundred good fighting men here in Weston, and three hundred will be equal to a thousand of the redskins, if they do try to take possession of the town."

"You kin bet it will," was Brown's reply.

When our three friends left the place they saw that the undertaker had attended to the fellow Straight Eye had shot.

The next one he sought out was Dove-Eye Dave, the so-called mayor of Weston, and when Wild told him what was required of him, the old man assured him that he would have a hundred men ready by nightfall.

There were two more hotels, or "whisky mills," as the miners chose to call them, so they went to them and had the guarantee of the proprietors that they would organize companies at once and be ready when they got the word.

The three had not eaten dinner yet, so they went home, now being rather hungry.

But though it was late, Wing Wah, the cook, had a wholesome and tempting meal waiting them, and when Straight Eye was told to sit down at the table with them he was delighted.

After the meal they went to the office of the Wild West Mining and Improvement Company to see how things were going on.

In addition to Cheyenne Charlie, Jack Robedee and Rex Moore, the bookkeeper, they found some of their old friends there.

There was Bub Sprague, a stranded actor, who had been given a job under Walter Jenkins, the superintendent of the mine owned by the four; Wal Wisp, a man whom Wild had bought a ranch of, and Lively Rick, a well-to-do miner from Devil Creek.

Wild and Jim shook hands with the three and then introduced their Indian friend to them.

As none of them had much love for an Indian under any circumstances, they did not grow enthusiastic over him when they shook hands with him.

But they treated him politely, for all that.

They knew that Young Wild West would not be so friendly with him if he was not worthy of it.

"Well, Rick, how are the things over at the Creek?" Wild asked of their friend from the neighboring town.

"They were all right there when I left this mornin', but I can't say how they are now," was the reply, and the miner seemed uneasy as he spoke. "My wife thought she'd like to come to Weston to see all ther folks, so we got ready an' started this mornin'. We didn't have an idea that ther redskins was so close, an' jest as we got half-way here about a dozen Sioux showed up an' fired at us. We was a little too far from 'em to be hit, an' we let our horses out an' got away from 'em. I s'pose it is now a case of our stayin' here a while. It struck me that ther reds was layin' for ther stage-coach when we come along, so you needn't be surprised if you

hear that their outfit has been held up and all hands slaughtered."

Our hero shook his head.

"That is just what we will hear, I suppose," he answered. "Well, Bub, how is it that you are dressed up so fancy to-day?"

"Oh, I just come in on their last train from Spondulicks," was the ex-actor's reply. "Mr. Jenkins sent me over on a little business this morning, you know."

"Well, how did you find things in Spondulicks?"

"There's lots of excitement over there. But they ain't much afraid of being attacked by the Sioux in the town. A good many people won't run the risk of coming over here on the trains, though."

"The track is pretty well looked after by the soldiers, though, is it not?"

"Oh, yes; there are three regiments between here and Spondulicks, waiting for orders to charge on the Sioux in the hills. If Sitting Bull don't come to terms to-night, I heard from good authority that the fighting will begin in earnest."

"To-night, eh?"

"Yes."

Wild had heard the same thing from General Radson, so he knew it must be right.

"I reckon we are safer here in Weston than we would be at Roarin' Ranch," Wal Wisp observed, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"I don't know about that," Wild answered. "The Sioux are centered hereabouts in the mountains. They are not going to make a fight on the prairie; they know better than that. What they want to do is to get our soldiers in a trap, so they can mow them down the same as they did at the battle of the Little Big Horn; but we will see to it that nothing like that happens. Sitting Bull is a smart old fellow, but there are others just as smart."

"An' you are one of 'em!" exclaimed Wisp. "Their old chief won't stand a ghost of a show, not if you run afoul of him."

"If war is declared at the time I catch sight of him he shall certainly go down," our hero replied.

It was along toward nightfall when Straight Eye changed his costume back to that of a hostile Indian.

"I am going to get your horse," he said to Wild.

"Do you think you can get him?"

"Yes, I get him. I get your horse if I have to kill my brother!"

"I will go with you and help you get him."

"Yes, you come. But not all the way. I go to the camp of Purple Face alone."

"Well, you may do that; but as soon as we get inside their lines, you can depend on it that I won't be very far away when you go into the camp."

Just about dark what appeared to be two Indian warriors left Weston and made for the fastnesses of the mountain.

They were Young Wild West and his Indian friend.

Our hero was mounted on a vicious broncho he had broken a couple of months before and which could only be managed by him.

He valued the steed at very little, and that was why he took him.

He hoped to ride his splendid sorrel back, and if he failed to bring the broncho, too, he knew that no one else would be apt to make much use of him.

Straight Eye was mounted on a horse that was not of much account, but good enough for their purpose, since they did not propose to ride all the way.

The journey through the lines of the Indians must be made on foot.

In a little less than two hours our two friends had gone as far as they dared on horseback.

They had been very careful not to get too close to the lines of the camp of the regulars, and now they were on what might be called neutral ground.

But the real work of the night was now before them.

CHAPTER V.

STRAIGHT EYE KEEPS HIS WORD.

Young Wild West and Straight Eye quickly tied their horses in a place where they could not be found, unless by accident, and then started to make their way to the camp of Purple Face.

The Indian had put the finishing touches to Wild's disguise, and the daring boy certainly looked more like the character he was assuming than he had ever done before.

He had been disguised as a redskin more than once, too, but never had he had an intelligent Indian to fix him up till now.

The night was clear, but there was no moon, so they would have a good show of creeping upon the redskins without being observed.

Cautiously they made their way through the tangled mazes and through deep ravines until at length they were less than a quarter of a mile from the tepees of Purple Face and his braves.

"We will climb to the top of that rock over there; then we will be able to see the campfires," Wild whispered to his companion.

Straight Eye gave a nod of assent, and then our hero led the way, working along in such a noiseless manner that his Indian friend was greatly surprised at his skill and tact as a woodsman.

Just as he was nearing the top of the rock Young Wild West came face to face with a Sioux warrior, who was crawling down.

Sudden as the meeting was, Wild was not at a loss what to do.

"Ugh!" grunted the Indian, and then he asked the boy what he was doing there, thinking that he was one who belonged to the neighboring camp.

Before our hero could reply, Straight Eye answered the question in his own tongue.

He told him that they had been close to the lines of the paleface soldiers, and that they were now going to report to Purple Face.

The brave gave a grunt of satisfaction and informed them that he, too, was going to report to the chief.

Wild grunted, too, and it sounded so much like the noise so common to the Sioux that Straight Eye would have been deceived had he not known who it was.

But both our friends knew it would not do for them to go to the camp with the warrior.

They would be discovered before they were there a minute.

As it was, Straight Eye was keeping well in the background, so the fellow would not find out that he was the chief's brother.

The only way to settle the business was to either kill or make a prisoner of the Sioux.

Wild did not want to kill him in cold blood, as he did not believe it was necessary to do so.

He resolved to seize and bind and gag him.

He gave Straight Eye a nudge and received a nudge in reply.

Then, without the least warning, he caught the unsuspecting brave by the throat with his left hand and thrust his right over his mouth.

At the same instant Straight Eye sprang forward and pinioned his arms to his side.

The Indian struggled to get free, but it was useless.

His captors were supple and strong, and in less than a minute he was securely bound and gagged.

And the noise our friends made in accomplishing this was nothing to speak of.

"Fetch him over to this tree," Wild whispered. "We will tie him to it, so he won't be able to roll around and make a noise that might attract the attention of the others."

"That's right," replied the red man with the white heart, and a couple of minutes later they had finished the job.

Then they started ahead again.

Wild now made for a big tree that was not far distant.

He wanted to catch a glimpse of the camp, and he was going to climb the tree for that purpose.

His companion nodded when he saw what he was going to do, and crouched down near the trunk to wait till he came down.

Wild soon got far enough up in the branches to catch a good view of the camp.

The warriors were on the alert for an attack, it seemed, for they were strewn about all over the camp, and those of them who had rifles were to be seen with them.

"The time is up to-night. I hardly think the regulars will attack them to-night," thought Wild, as he looked at the scene. "The Indians must have scouts out, too, or they would not be in such fighting trim. Well, there are no more than there were last night, anyhow."

He could see the camp not over two hundred yards distant, and on the right and left of him were guards walking back and forth.

The closest one to him was on the left and, having located the place where he was, he descended the tree.

Just as he got to the lowest branches and was going to swing and drop to the ground, the voice of Straight Eye said in a low tone:

"Young Wild West stay in tree. I go and get his horse now. He wait here till I come back."

"All right," answered Wild, who really thought it as good a time as any for the chief to make the attempt to recover Spitfire.

So he drew himself up in the boughs again, and Straight Eye disappeared in the gloom of the night.

Wild went up the tree again in the hope that he might catch a glimpse of his friend as he stole into the camp of his people.

He was soon resting securely in a fork, where he had a pretty good view of the camp, and then he tried to locate the place where the warriors kept their horses.

But this he could not do, as a clump of trees hid a portion of the scene from his sight.

"The horses must be behind those trees," he muttered. "I can't see them, but they must be there. I will not be able to see Straight Eye do the trick, after all. That big tepee in the center is undoubtedly where Purple Face holds forth. I wish old Sitting Bull was there, too, for if he was, I believe I'd make an attempt to capture him. There is a reward offered for him alive."

Our hero remained up the tree several minutes.

Then he concluded that his Indian friend must have reached the camp long before this, and as he could see no signs of any disturbance, he concluded that if he had made the attempt to get the horse he must have been successful.

He started to descend the tree, and as he got about halfway down he heard faint sounds of footsteps.

Wild paused and listened.

Whoever it was coming, he was making toward the tree.

A break in the foliage permitted him to look down to the ground, and keeping his eyes fixed upon that particular spot, he presently saw the tufted head of an Indian warrior appear.

Then the whole body came in sight and halted right in the clear spot beneath him.

Wild certainly thought it was Straight Eye, but he was not going to jump at any conclusion, so he waited to see what would follow.

It was too dark for him to see the redskin plainly; he could only just make out that he was an Indian.

As he watched below him, he saw the newcomer turn his gaze in every direction, and then with an air of satisfaction, he started to climb the tree.

"Whew!" muttered our hero, under his breath. "If it is Straight Eye it is mighty funny why he did not give some sort of a signal instead of coming up here to join me. I guess it isn't him, after all."

He got himself in a firm position and waited for the redskin to come up.

With scarcely a particle of noise he ascended the tree, slowly but surely.

In less than a minute he was within three feet of Young Wild West, and he had not seen him yet.

Wild was now satisfied that it was not Straight Eye.

The next instant the Indian's hand caught hold of the boy's leg, which he evidently mistook for a limb.

"Ugh!"

"Ugh!" answered Wild.

But the Indian's grunt was one of suspicion, and Wild knew why.

In disguising himself he had neglected his footgear.

He had on a pair of fancy riding boots he generally wore, and as very few of the Sioux tribe wore such things, the red man was suspicious.

"What is the matter?" asked Wild, speaking in the Sioux tongue as good as he could.

"Who are you?" was the answer.

At the same time the grip tightened on the boy's ankle, and he received a jerk that would surely have dislodged him if he had not been anticipating something of the sort.

But he held on tightly, and then with remarkable quickness he kicked with the other foot and sent his foe crashing to the ground.

Wild came down, too, almost as fast as the falling Indian, it seemed.

He knew that what he did now must be done quickly, and he dropped from a limb that was easily twelve feet from the ground.

He did not lose his balance when he landed, and he found the Indian just in the act of struggling to his feet.

"You are a fool!" he said in the Sioux language. "What did you put my leg for?"

But though the young prince of the saddle could speak the language fairly well, he could not do it well enough to deceive the red man.

He knew it was a paleface in disguise, and angered at having been kicked out of the tree, he meant to have his scalp.

Luckily for Wild, he did not sound an alarm.

If he had done this things would have been rather dangerous for him.

The redskin seemed to think that he could take care of the paleface who was prowling around rigged out as an Indian warrior and, drawing his knife, he made a rush for the boy.

Nothing could have suited Young Wild West better.

He was right in his element now, for he felt that he must slay the fellow, and he did not wish to do it without warning.

He parried the thrust made at him and then acted on the defensive to make his foe more confident.

Greatly encouraged, the brave sailed right in to make the contest a short one.

Wild was waiting for his chance, and it came soon enough.

As the redskin made a vicious lunge at him he stepped nimbly aside.

Then his blade shot downward and out. There was a thud, and the brave dropped to the ground.

He had found the heart of the shrewd fellow at the first blow he struck, and with a quiver and a gasp he expired.

It was simply a case of another red fiend being sent to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Wild quickly wiped off the knife, and then seizing the body, drew it into a clump of bushes.

As the brief fight had made considerable noise, he was afraid that the sounds might have been heard by some of the braves on guard.

He crouched low to the ground and listened, knowing that in the darkness when a warrior hears a suspicious sound he generally sneaks to the spot, instead of rushing to find out what was the trouble.

Five minutes passed.

Wild heard nothing to indicate that there were any more redskins in the near vicinity.

He wondered what was keeping Straight Eye so long.

Pretty soon Wild got up and made his way back to the tree.

Just then he heard a sound that made him peer through the darkness in an interested way.

A horse was approaching slowly.

Our hero felt that he could recognize the tread of Spitfire's hoofs.

The next minute the horse came in sight.

With it was a man.

Young Wild West stole forward to meet them, for he recognized them both.

They were Straight Eye and the sorrel.

"Come!" whispered the Indian. "We must get away before the man on guard discovers that the horse is gone. Purple Face had a brave to watch him carefully, but I fooled him. Here is your horse. Now you know that Straight Eye tells the truth when he gives his promise."

"That's right," retorted Wild. "I thank you ever so much for getting Spitfire for me."

The intelligent horse was rubbing his nose against the shoulder of his master, and the only way Wild could keep him from uttering a whinny was by holding his head down a trifle.

The well-trained steed had been taught that he was expected to be silent when his head was held in that position.

The guides and pioneers of the prairie always had their horses trained to remain silent in times of danger.

It is not a difficult thing to train a horse to anything it is capable of acquiring.

All that is needed is patience.

Young Wild West had made a good job of training his horse, and the two understood each other as well as a man and horse could.

Straight Eye gave a nod of pleasure when he noticed how glad the horse was to meet his master.

The Indian had the greatest of difficulty in leading him away from the camp, but he had held his head down, and that was why Spitfire did not cut up more.

But now the thing was for them to get through the line of sentinels with the horse.

It was decided that Straight Eye should go ahead and pick the way, while Wild followed with the sorrel.

There was one less sentinel to bother them, anyway, as the

one who had climbed the tree and interfered with our hero was no more.

Just why the brave had climbed the tree Wild did not know, but he believed that he had come up to take a look at the camp of his people, just to see if the Indians were ready to do battle with the whites in case of an attack.

He had not told Straight Eye of the fate of the brave.

There was no time now to do much talking.

What they wanted to do was to get to the place where they had left the horses they rode out from Weston with.

Slowly and cautiously Straight Eye made his way along.

Sometimes he would drop flat to the ground and remain that way for the space of a minute or more.

Then he would resume his way again, Young Wild West following his motions as much as he could.

He could not drop to the ground, as it was necessary for him to keep his hand at the head of Spitfire all the time.

The Indian chose a way that was not very straight, but it proved to be a safe one, for after what seemed a very long time they reached the two horses they had left behind them.

Wild breathed a sigh of relief.

It was the first time he had ever followed a Sioux scout in that way, and he was glad they had got through.

While Straight Eye had displayed great tact and judgment, the boy felt that he could have made the distance in half the time.

But the ways of a white man and an Indian are different, and so they were in this case.

Our two friends were in the act of untying the two horses when they suddenly heard horsemen approaching.

Instantly they lapsed into the utmost silence.

The next minute three men rode up and dismounted within a dozen yards of them.

Wild could see them quite plainly in the starlight, and he instantly recognized them as Scar-face Dan and the two men he had with him at the Gazoo that day.

CHAPTER VI.

THE KIDNAPPING OF ELOISE GARDNER.

As soon as Scar-face Dan had attended to his business with the undertaker he headed for another place where liquor was sold, followed by the two men who had been so astonished at what Young Wild West did.

The villains had for a long time been possessed of the idea that there was not a man living who could make Scar-face Dan take water.

But the handsome, boyish-looking young fellow with the long chestnut hair had done it—and he had done it thoroughly.

There was no mistaking that, and Scar-face Dan felt very much ashamed of it.

The alleged hotel that the three dropped into was kept by a man named Flannigan.

Flannigan had been there ever since the town had started to boom, and he had long been jealous of the patronage of the Gazoo.

The man was not what might be called a villain, but he was fast bordering onto such.

He hated Brown, and did not have any particular love for Young Wild West and his close friends and partners.

From his stoop he had witnessed what took place in front of the Gazoo, and when the three crestfallen men entered his place, he gave them a warm welcome.

"Come up an' have a drink with me," Flannigan said to them. "I seen what happened over at the other place. It seems that strangers will stop there afore they know what sort of a place it is; an' if they happen to git a little reckless, Young Wild West is around to make trouble for 'em. I am of ther opinion that Young Wild West owns ther biggest interest in that place, anyhow, as Brown seems to do jest about what he wants him to."

"I shouldn't wonder but what you're right, friend," replied Scar-face Dan, glad that he had found some one to sympathize with him. "What's your name, anyhow?"

"Flannigan. Didn't yer see ther name over ther door? This is Flannigan's Rest, an' I'm Flannigan, ther proprietor."

"Well, they calls me Scar-face Dan, for short. Shake, Mr. Flannigan! I'm right glad to meet yer."

The two shook hands, and then the villain introduced his two chums.

"There was four of us, but now there's only three," he observed, with a scowl.

"I seen it all. Young Wild West was the cause of it all." "It was ther redskin what dropped Tom," spoke up one of the men.

"Yes," said Flannigan; "but who made the redskin do it? It was Young Wild West, wasn't it?"

"Yes; an' if he hadn't done it jest as he did, Young Wild West would have got a dose of lead."

"He's too lucky, anyway; he always was; but ther time will come when he will go under. An' when it does come this town will be better off, I think. Why, he's got such a strong pull in Weston here that a feller don't dare to run a crooked gamblin' game, unless he does it on ther sly. I've never expressed myself afore, but I've been doin' a whole lot of thinkin' for a long time. I wouldn't care to have Young Wild West hear that I said this, 'cause, to tell ther truth, I'm afraid of him."

"Well, I reckon he is somethin' more than ordinary, so I don't blame yer for bein' afraid of him. Let's have another drink." And the man with the scarred face threw a gold piece on the bar.

There was no one in the place but the proprietor when the three came in, and before they had been there twenty minutes they were on the best of terms with him.

They had been drinking quite heavily when Wild and his Indian friend came into the Gazoo, but what followed had served to sober them up somewhat.

Now they were making up for it, and as the fiery liquor began to course through their veins more rapidly their tongues loosened.

"I guess we kin make this our headquarters while we are doin' business around here," observed Scar-face Dan, as they accepted the proprietor's invitation to a seat in the back room.

"Certainly. My terms are as reasonable as any of 'em, an' I guess you'll find that I'll treat you all right, no matter what your business is. What might it be, if I an't inquisitive?"

Scar-face winked in a knowing manner.

"That is a putty plain question," he answered. "But mebbe we'll tell you afore we go away. If I thought you could help us out I'd tell you right away."

"You kin depend on me to help you out, no matter what ther business is," and Flannigan showed his eagerness to learn by leaning close to the villain. "Of course, if there was any risk for me to run I'd want to be paid for my share of ther work."

"You'd git paid well, all right," was the assurance. "Now, I want to ask you a question or two. You kin answer if you want to, an' if you don't want to, it is all ther same."

"Fire ahead, friend. I'll answer any question I kin."

"Well, how long have you been in this town?"

"Ever since it first come to grow. I come here about two weeks after Young Wild West settled here and struck it rich on a claim that he won in a shootin' match."

"Was you here when a show was busted an' a gal trapeze actor was taken away from the show people, 'cause she said they didn't treat her right?"

"I was," said Flannigan. "I was one of ther gang what helped bust ther show that day. Ther gal was a sickly-looking chit, an' we all took pity on her. That was a day when Young Wild West made things hum around here. He jest jumped on ther stage an' took ther starch out of ther showman in no time. Ther gal's name was Eloise Gardner, an' she is here in town yet, livin' with Young Wild West's friends. She is goin' to marry Jim Dart, a chum of Wild, they say."

"Ah!" and Scar-face Dan showed evidences of being delighted. "I reckon you are ther man I want to talk to, Flannigan. So ther gal is livin' here in town, eh?"

"Oh, yes; an' she's gittin' to be a fine-lookin' young woman, too."

"Did you ever hear that she didn't know who her folks was, or anything like that?"

"Yes; it seems to me that I heard that at ther time. She give it out that ther show people had stolen her from a father when she was a little chit, an' that they had made her learn to act on ther trapeze an' had used her bad. Banks was ther name of ther showman; he got strung up by ther miners a short time after that, 'cause he started a gamblin' place here an' had a trap in ther cellar of it where some fellers was robbed an' murdered. I remember ther whole thing now."

"Well, I'll tell you our business here, then, since you have put me on ther right track. Ther four of us what arrived here from Spondulicks this mornin' come over to kill ther gal known as Eloise Gardner. That ain't her right name, but she don't know ther difference, nor never will."

"Come over here to kill her!" exclaimed Flannigan, shrugging his shoulders in surprise. "What for?"

"What for? Why, for five thousand dollars."

"Oh, some one is payin' you to do ther job, then?"

"Of course. It's like a regular book romance, this thing is. This there gal is ther heir to about a million dollars, or putty near as much as that, anyway. Her uncle has traced her up an' found that she is here in this town. If she dies he gits ther money, an' if ther lawyer what's lookin' for her finds her first, he'll be dished out of it. Now, there are a lot of redskins hangin' around here, an' ther country between here and Spondulicks, so if this gal got carried off to a lonesome place on ther mountain and was found killed and scalped afore ther lawyer gits here, it will be all right, an' her uncle will fall in for ther fortune jest as soon as ther business kin be settled up."

"I see." And Flannigan nodded. "I see ther whole thing now. Well, how kin I help you any in ther game?"

"You kin show us ther gal, so's we won't make no mistake, for one thing. That lawyer is due here some time this week, an' what we do has got to be done putty quick. Now, I'll tell yer what I'll do. Poor Tom got laid out by that redskin a little while ago, so there's only three of us now. I'll give you his share if you'll p'int out ther gal to us, an' do all yer kin to help us git hold of her."

"It's a go!" exclaimed Flannigan.

He shook hands with the villain to show his sincerity.

Though Scar-face Dan had been rather reckless in telling the hotel-keeper of the foul plot, he had made no mistake in his man.

Flannigan thought it would be an easy matter for him to do what was wanted of him.

And if he could make over a thousand dollars by it, he would be that much ahead.

But he did not want the least suspicion to rest on him.

If it did he knew that his sojourn in Weston would be short.

The girl belonged to what he termed Young Wild West's gang, and that was sufficient to make him be careful in what he did.

"I'll show you ther gal in less than half an hour," he said. "She goes to ther post-office as regular as clock-work every day around two. You see, old man Murdock is ther post-master here, an' his granddaughter does ther business for him. Her name is Arietta, an' she's ther sweetheart of Young Wild West. Eloise Gardner an' her are jest as strong friends as Wild an' Jim Dart is. They act like sisters more than anything else. We'll all have a bite to eat, an' by that time she'll likely come along. I'll p'int her out to yer, an' then we'll try an' think of a way for you to git hold of her."

"Good!"

The scar faced villain's two chums showed how pleased they were, too; but they had nothing to say, as they left it all to their leader to plan out.

By this time Flannigan's bartender, who usually slept till noon, showed up.

The proprietor could now go to dinner, so he took his three guests with him.

It was just about two o'clock when pretty Eloise Gardner came walking past on her way to the post-office to keep the company of Arietta Murdock for a little while.

Flannigan pointed her out to the villains, and they took a good look at her.

"It seems like a shame to kill such a putty gal," remarked one of the men. "Mebbe if her uncle could see her he might change his mind about it."

"No, he wouldn't!" cried Scar face Dan. "It ain't for us to think how putty ther gal is; it is for us to do as we was hired to do."

"That's right," nodded Flannigan.

The three remained at the place all the afternoon.

The proprietor let them into a room where there were bunks, and they slept off the effects of the liquor they had imbibed.

It was about dusk when they awoke.

Flannigan gave them a drink apiece and then took them to supper.

"I have been thinkin' of a plan while you fellers was sleepin'," he said, as he sat down to the table with them, after tea drinking and taking the door.

"What's that?" exclaimed Scar-face Dan. "I'm willin' to do what I don't know how to git hold of ther gal, unless you can show me to ther house where she lives, an' watch her away."

"That's jest what yer must do, but yer must do it without any one knowin' it."

"Well, tell us how we are goin' to do it that way. We don't want to git caught by Young Wild West or his gang."

"No; I reckon not. We mightn't git away alive, then."

"See here," observed the hotel-keeper, suddenly, as he just thought of something. "If it should happen that you got caught, you ain't goin' to let 'em know that I had anything to do with ther business, are yer?"

"No; we ain't ther kind what squeals. But don't worry about us gittin' caught in this game. It wouldn't pay us to run ther risk of gittin' caught. Now, you jest tell us what yer plan is."

"Well, ther best way I kin think of is for ther three of yer to go over to the house about bed-time. Two of yer must hide in ther bushes an' ther other one must go to ther door an' inquire if Jim Dart is there. If he is you must git him out an' silence him with a club, an' then run to ther door an' call for ther gal, tellin' her that her lover has hurt himself. She'll come runnin' out, an' then you kin grab her an' be off in a hurry."

"An' suppose ther feller, Jim Dart, ain't there—what then?" queried the leader of the trio.

"Well, it will be all the easier in that case. All you will have to do is to tell her ther same story—that her lover is out in ther road badly hurt. If any one else comes out with her you will have to look out for them."

"By jingo! I think your plan is a good one."

"I know it is."

"We kin have our horses ready close by, an' before they kin catch us we'll be off. Tain't likely they'll fire at us for fear of hittin' ther gal."

"Certainly they won't fire at yer—not if yer keep in a bunch. Then, when yer git on ther mountain yer kin do ther act that yer was hired to do an' be off. But before yer go I'd like to have my share of ther boodle."

"You'll have to go to Spondulicks to git that," was the reply. "We only got quarter of ther money in advance."

"Well, give me my quarter of it now, then. I've told yer how to do ther business, an' I reckon I've earned it."

The other two scoundrels seemed to think he had, so the scar-faced man counted out a fourth of the money he had received from the uncle of Eloise Gardner in Spondulicks.

Flannigan was very glad to get the money, and he assured them over and over that his plan was bound to work.

The Murdock residence, where the girl lived, was pretty well at the outskirts of the town.

It was right on the road that led up the mountain, too, and that was another thing to the advantage of the villains.

Shortly before ten o'clock in the evening the three got ready to carry out the plan.

They bade good-by to Flannigan, who wished them luck, and then rode out to the house, which had been pointed out to them by the scheming hotel-keeper.

The night was clear and balmy, and as they rode past they heard voices coming from the vine-covered porch.

The voices came from a male and female, and the trio of villains promptly came to the conclusion that Jim Dart and the girl were there.

A few yards past the house they came to a halt and dismounted.

Scar-face Dan was not overbright, but it had suddenly occurred to him how to act.

"We'll sneak up to that porch," he whispered to his companions, "an' if ther gal are there with her beau we'll hit him on ther head an' grab her an' run off."

This of course suited the men, who really had no ideas of their own, and depended strictly on their leader.

Leaving their horses at the roadside, they crawled back toward the pretty little cottage.

As they neared it they could hear the low voices of two lovers.

The fact was that Jim Dart and Eloise Gardner were there.

And Jim, in the presence of his sweetheart, was forgetful of all else just then.

He was talking to her of the future, and she was listening to him as only a happy maiden can.

Nearer came the creeping scoundrels, and presently they were within a couple of feet of the unsuspecting couple.

There was a lamp shining from the window of the house, and as the rays were thrown upon the porch, the men could see just where Jim and the girl were standing.

Scar face Dan waited so long that his two companions began to grow nervous.

They wanted to have it over with as soon as possible.

Scar-face Dan suddenly reached out and struck Jim a blow on the back of the head with the butt of his revolver.

And as he did this the other two leaped upon the porch and seized Eloise.

A stifled scream came from her lips, and then she was silent.

A heavy hand was held tightly over her mouth and she was borne away.

Though the blow did not exactly stun Jim, it made him powerless to act for the space of a minute.

He remained on his hands and knees, where he had dropped, for that brief period, dazed and wondering what had happened.

But as soon as he could throw the feeling off he was upon his feet.

He ran out of the little yard into the road, revolver in hand.

And then he heard the sounds of receding hoofs.

"Heavens!" he gasped. "Some one has carried off Eloise. Jack! Charlie! Come out—quick!"

Cheyenne Charlie lived in the adjoining house.

He was just thinking of retiring for the night when he heard the call.

He grabbed his revolvers and was out almost instantly.

"What is ther matter?" he cried. "Who is it?"

"It is I—Jim. Some scoundrels knocked me down, and have carried off Eloise. Get your horse—quick!"

That was all the scout wanted to know just then.

He flew for the table, and his wife, who had been listening, promptly ran to arouse the neighbors.

The result was that in five minutes Jack Robedee, old man Murdock and Dove-Eye Dave, the next nearest neighbor, were riding in pursuit.

But Cheyenne Charlie and Jim Dart were well ahead of them.

Jim had rushed to the stable of Dove-Eye Dave when Charlie went for his horse.

There were always plenty of horses to be found there, and the old man gave him the first one he came to when he unlocked the door.

The horses Jim and Charlie were mounted on were swift ones.

They had not taken the trouble to saddle them, but rode bareback.

The scout was hatless, too, but that made no difference to him just then.

He had his trusty revolvers with him, and woe to the villains who had kidnaped Eloise Gardner if he got near enough to shoot.

On thundered the steeds in their rage to save the kidnaped girl.

In five minutes they had gained so much on the fugitives that they could hear the clatter of the horses' hoofs ahead of them.

It was then that the three villains became aware of the fact that they were being pursued.

Scar-face Dan thought he had hit Jim Dart hard enough to make him remain unconscious for a long time, and if it had not been a glancing blow such would have been the case.

The villain had Eloise on the horse with him, and though a handkerchief had been tied over her mouth and a belt strapped around her body that pinioned her arms to her sides, he had no little difficulty in keeping her on the animal.

"They're after us hot, Dan," said one of the men, anxiously.

"Yes, I know; but we may be able to git away from 'em. Keep right at it. This horse I've got seems to be a good one."

"Yes; but mebbe the ones them fellers have got are good ones, too."

"Well, you come right on. We'll git out of this all right, see if we don't."

They did gain a little then, as the sound of pursuit did not increase any.

Another mile was covered, and their pursuers were not nearer.

"Blame ther luck!" exclaimed the scar-faced villain. "If I could only kill ther blame girl without slackenin' up, I believe I'd do it."

"I wouldn't if I was you," spoke up the man who had made the last remark. "They would surely make us bite ther dust in no time if you was to kill her. I think ther best thing we kin do is to let her go. That would be ther means of makin' our pursuers halt for a time, an' then we might git erway."

"You shut up!" cried the leader, angrily. "Don't go to

talkin' that way, now. Don't you want your share of ther five thousand?"

"Oh, yes; I'd like to have that well enough, but——"

The "but" was a sticker to the man.

It was evident that he could not see their escape very clearly.

He had not reckoned on their being pursued so quickly.

The race continued on for two or three miles further, and then the three villains became convinced that they had out-distanced and lost their pursuers, as they had turned from the road about three minutes before.

"Whoa!" said Scar-face Dan, and his horse came to a halt.

His companions followed his example, and then the villain allowed his helpless captive to fall to the ground.

"I guess we'll do ther business right here," he coolly observed, as he dismounted.

"And I guess you will hold up your hands, or die in your tracks!" cried the voice of Young Wild West, and the next instant the boy appeared before him with leveled revolver.

CHAPTER VII.

SKIRMISHING ON THE MOUNTAIN.

Young Wild West had no sooner recognized the villains as they halted before the place where he was standing with Straight Eye when he noticed that one of them let a bulky object drop to the ground.

He stepped a little nearer and heard Scar-face Dan say that he guessed they would do the business right there, and then it was that the dashing young prince of the saddle appeared before the astonished trio of villains.

The scar-faced man knew the voice instantly when he was told to hold up his hands, and he lost no time in obeying.

The other two men looked amazed, but made a move to draw their revolvers.

"Hands up!"

It was Straight Eye who gave this command, and they found themselves looking into the muzzles of a pair of revolvers in his hands.

"The first man who moves will die!" exclaimed Young Wild West.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when there was a series of Indian yells of triumph and about twenty Sioux burst upon them.

"Get back into the bushes!" whispered Wild to his companion, and as quick as a flash they did so, not having learned what the bulky object the leader of the trio had dropped was.

If he had known he would not have remained there in hiding.

The finding of the captive girl was what made the Indians so joyous.

In less than five minutes from the time they had surprised and captured the three men they went away without the knowledge that Wild and Straight Eye were so near.

"Heap big fools!" said our hero's companion, with a grunt, when they had disappeared.

"Well, I am glad they were," was the reply. "We might have been able to get away, but I don't fancy a ride over the mountain in the dark. I have got my horse now, and it might have been that I would have lost him again, if they had found us. Let well enough alone, I say. Those three men are villains, and there is no use of our running the risk to save them. I wonder what the business they were going to do was?—that's what is puzzling me."

Straight Eye shook his head.

"I don't know," he answered.

"Well, let's get out of here. We will head straight for Weston now."

They lost no further time, Wild mounting the broncho and leading the sorrel by his halter.

In a couple of minutes they were out on the road.

Just then they heard the sound of horses' hoofs coming from the direction of the town.

There was a convenient spot close by, so they rode off the road and halted to allow the riders to pass, not knowing who or what they might be.

The next instant our hero heard the voice of Jim Dart speaking in an anxious tone.

"Hello!" he called out, softly, as the riders came along of them. "Hello, Jim. It is I—Wild."

As might be supposed, the horsemen were those who had started in pursuit of the kidnapers.

The villains had eluded Jim and Charlie by leaving the road; they were hunting for the trail when they were joined by Jack Robedee, old man Murdock and Dove-Eye Dave.

But they had not been able to find the trail, and thinking the girl's captors had again taken to the road, they started to hunt them afresh.

"Is that you, Wild?" called out Jim, as he quickly reined in his horse.

"Yes," was the reply, and our hero rode out into view, followed by the Indian.

"Eloise has been stolen."

"What?"

"Yes; it is only too true. Some men—I don't know exactly how many—attacked us on the stoop at home. I was knocked down and dazed from the blow, and when I got up Eloise was gone. I gave the alarm and started in pursuit as soon as we could mount. We got pretty close to them once, but they had good horses and got away from us again. You didn't meet any one, did you?"

"Great Scott!" cried Wild, as it flashed upon his mind what Scar-face Dan had let drop to the ground. "Jim, I have been a great fool! Just as sure as you are before me, we met the three scoundrels who had Eloise. But they have not got her now, for a band of about twenty Sioux swooped down upon them and took them prisoners. Oh, if I had only known it was a prisoner they had!"

He then told them what had happened in as few words as possible.

Poor Jim was badly discouraged when he heard what had become of his sweetheart.

"She is delicate and of a nervous disposition," he said. "She will die of fright."

"Oh, not so bad as that," Wild answered. "If I am any judge, Eloise is a pretty sensible girl. We will get her out of the clutches of the redskins, even if we have to get General Radson and his force to help us do it. Eloise will bear up under it all right."

"But she is not like Arietta, you know," persisted Jim, who was badly broken up over what had happened. "She was not reared out here, you know, and she has never been in the hands of Indians before."

"Keep up heart, my boy. It will all come out right," spoke up Dove-Eye Dave.

Wild dismounted, and hastened to change the saddle from the broncho to Spitfire.

"What are you going to do?" asked Jim, anxiously.

"I am going to follow up the band of Sioux," was the reply. "One of you had better ride over to the cavalry camp and notify them of what has happened. The rest will go with me, and we may be able to head the red fiends off."

It was decided at once that Robedee should ride to the camp, and half a minute later they all set out.

Wild and Straight Eye knew exactly the direction the Indians had taken, and our hero had a faint hope that he could take a short cut and head them off.

Mounted on the splendid sorrel, he felt more at ease, and he led the little party of anxious searchers at a swift pace.

They were running a risk, he knew, as they were liable to be set upon by some roving band of Sioux scouts at any moment.

And then again, there was no telling how soon they might be stopped by some of the cavalymen, who were stationed here and there in that vicinity.

Meantime Jack Robedee was heading straight for the camp of General Radson.

He had not gone a great distance before a voice rang out: "Who comes here?"

One of the outside pickets had challenged him.

"A friend," answered Jack.

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

The scout was possessed of the necessary word to admit him through the lines and he was soon going on further toward the camp.

But he was soon accosted by another sentinel, and after a short delay he proceeded into the camp and asked for the general.

The general happened to be near at the time, and recognizing Jack as one of Young Wild West's scouts, he promptly ordered him to come to him.

"What is the trouble?" he questioned as Robedee saluted him with military freedom.

"A band of the Sioux has carried off a young lady," he reported.

"How is that?" asked the general, not quite understanding him.

Jack repeated it.

"Do you mean that?"

"Yes, sir," and he quickly related what had occurred.

"That sounds rather strange; but I have no reason to think you are telling an untruth," observed the general. "I can't stand anything like this, so I will order a detachment to go with you at once. It is time the fight started, anyway, and we may be able to draw the red demons on by sending out the detachment."

He gave the necessary orders at once, and a few minutes later Robedee had a whole company of the regiment at his disposal.

The troops were just itching to get in a skirmish with the redskins, and when Jack told the captain about the abduction of Eloise Gardner by the three white scoundrels, and how the Indians had swooped down upon them and taken both them and their captive, he was anxious to go to the rescue.

Straight for the big camp of Purple Face the troopers rode, the men passing the word to each other as they galloped along, and finally they all knew the mission they were on.

"This will start the real fighting here in these hills," the captain remarked to Jack. "Old Sitting Bull has defied the Government, and I suppose it is getting hot over to the north a bit, where the main force is located."

When they were about a mile distant from the camp of Purple Face, they were suddenly fired at from ambush by about a dozen braves.

Then a sharp fight followed, in which two troopers fell and half the redskins perished.

It was warm work, as the captain observed. But it only served to warm them up a bit.

But the noise of the firing was bound to bring a swarm of the red fiends to the spot, so they swerved off to the left and halted in a V-shaped cleft in the side of a rocky hill.

"We will give them some of their own medicine," said the captain. "When they dash up we will give them a volley from the cover of these rocks, and then we will charge them."

Pretty soon they heard a large force crashing through the bushes.

The next instant the word was given to fire.

The carbines in the hands of the cavalymen belched forth what seemed to be a sheet of flame, and the advancing Indians, who were on foot, received the full force of the fire.

It was one of the most effective volleys ever fired, and when the men charged upon them the Sioux scattered like sheep.

The battle was now on in earnest.

Jack Robedee was very uneasy.

He was wondering where the band who had Eloise Gardner was.

It did not seem possible that they had reached the Indian encampment yet.

And then, again, where was Young Wild West and his companions?

This fighting with the Indians did not seem to Jack to be the thing to do any good toward the saving of the girl.

Yet it might prove to be the means of heading off the band.

The captain of the company gave the order to turn off to the left as soon as the fleeing Indians were out of their sight and reach.

Firing could now be heard almost straight ahead of them, and they hastened to take a hand in it.

"It must be Wild and the rest," thought Jack, as he galloped along with the men. "I wouldn't be surprised if he found the band that had Eloise."

The cavalymen were not long in reaching the scene where the firing was.

It had nearly died out when they got there, and they met about half a dozen Indians beating a retreat.

These were at once fired upon, and then suddenly a shout went up from the left.

"Hurrah!" cried Robedee. "That is Young Wild West!"

"Good!" said the captain. "Hello, there, Young Wild West!"

"Hello!" was the answer. "Come on! We have saved the girl captive!"

Jack felt so glad that he could scarcely contain himself when he heard this.

He hastened to meet his friends and congratulate Jim Dart, whom he knew must be delighted beyond measure.

Sure enough, Wild and his followers had come upon the band who had captured the three villains and carried off the girl.

They did not cross them till they heard the firing of the cavalymen, and then the band was making for the camp as fast as they could go.

When Wild ordered a charge upon them, Jim and the rest did some great fighting.

The attack was so sudden that the Indians made little resistance.

They thought they had been attacked by a company of soldiers.

Eloise was rescued by Wild, who shot the chief who had her on his horse.

But what became of the three villains the Indians had captured they did not know.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ROMANCE OF ELOISE GARDNER.

As soon as the cavalymen found the girl had been rescued, they set out to return to camp.

They knew there would not be any Indians to oppose them, as they had all made for their headquarters as soon as they found a skirmishing party out.

In the morning the regiment would ride upon Purple Face and do its best to make him surrender.

It did not take them long to get back to the camp.

Eloise was so badly frightened that Jim had to carry her on his horse with him.

As soon as a report had been made to the general, our friends started for Weston, accompanied by the troopers.

Wild said there was no use in this, as it was not likely that there was an Indian between them and the town.

Since the skirmishing it was likely that all roving bands would keep close to their headquarters.

But the troopers had their orders to ride into Weston, and they did so.

As soon as they saw the rescued girl safely where she belonged, they turned and rode back.

No doubt they took the credit of the whole thing, when Young Wild West really did it all.

But the gallant charge of the cavalry had been the means of terrifying the Indians, and this was a great help.

Eloise was quite ill all that night from the effects of her scare.

No one had the least idea why she had been stolen in such a bold manner.

Wild was very much puzzled over it.

The next morning he went around to the house and found the girl much better and sitting up.

"Eloise," said he, "it is our business to punish the villains who carried you off last night. Can you give any clue at all that will lead to the finding of a motive?"

"No, I cannot," was the reply. "There is no one who could possibly want to steal me. If Joel Banks were living I would surely think that he was responsible for it. But as he is dead, I have not the least idea."

"Do you think the villains meant to kill you, or simply take you to some place and hold you for a ransom?"

"They surely meant to kill me. I heard them say so. Two or three times when I was conscious during that awful ride I heard them say that they were going to kill me as soon as they got to a good place."

"That hardly seems reasonable, either. If they had wanted to kill you they could have done it without carrying you off."

"That is so," and Eloise shuddered as she thought of her experience.

Wild was going back to the office of the Wild West Mining and Improvement Company when he happened to look toward the railroad depot and saw that a train was coming in.

He concluded to take a walk over and hear the news from Spondulicks from one of the trainmen.

But before he got up to the platform he was accosted by a dapper-looking stranger who wore a high hat and carried an umbrella and a valise.

"Excuse me, sir," said the man. "I am looking for information, and it strikes me that you are the one who can give it to me. Do you know a young lady by the name of Banks in this town?"

Wild gave a start.

The question made him think of Eloise right away, and he looked keenly at the man before replying.

"No, I do not," was the reply, "and I know everybody in the town."

"May I ask your name?" inquired the stranger.

"I am Young Wild West."

"I thought so. Won't you allow me to shake hands with you? I have heard much about you, and I must say that I am a great admirer of you."

Our hero had come to the conclusion that the man was all right, so he did not hesitate to shake hands with him.

"My name is Parker. I'm a lawyer," resumed the man. "I have come to Weston on a little business, and I guess you are the one I want to see. I was told to come to you. Great that I should meet you as soon as I got off the platform, ain't it?"

"Yes," replied Wild, who was now doing more wondering than ever. "Come over to the office with me, and we can sit down and talk. I am a little anxious to know what your business with me is."

"Nothing that will interfere with you, or affect you in a general way, I am sure. I am looking for information, Mr. West, and you are the one who can give it to me, if any one in this town can."

Wild led the way to the office.

There was no one there but Rex Moore, the bookkeeper, so he took the stranger over to his desk in the cosy corner of the big room and seated him.

The boy sat down opposite the lawyer and said:

"Now, Mr. Parker, please begin."

"Very well. You say you know of no girl by the name of Banks in Weston?"

"Yes. That is what I said. There is no one at all by that name here."

"Well, do you know a girl named Gardner, then?"

Young Wild West sprang to his feet.

He was greatly amazed at the question, coming, as it did, right after the stirring events of the night before.

But he calmed himself very quickly.

"I do know a young lady named Gardner," he replied. "She was kidnapped by three villains last night."

"What!"

It was now the lawyer's turn to be surprised.

"Yes," went on Wild. "But after they had got a few miles with her they were set upon by hostile Indians, who made prisoners of all of them."

"And then?" asked Parker, with drooping jaw.

"We caught up to them and shot about half the Indians and saved her."

"Oh!" and the lawyer sank back into a chair very much relieved. "I am glad of that, for her sake and mine, too."

"Yes?"

"If she is the girl I think she is, she is heir to \$300,000."

"Do you mean that?" cried Wild.

"Yes. Let me tell you a little story. I will be as brief as possible. A little over fourteen years ago fire destroyed the lives of a wealthy man and his wife in the town of Freeport, Illinois. The man's name was Adams, and he was one of the most respected and influential citizens of the town."

"The fire started in a mysterious way. It seemed to be the work of an incendiary, started for the purpose of burning up those in the house. But though it burned the man and his wife, their two-year-old babe was saved by the heroic action of the nurse, who perished afterward from the effects of the burns she received."

"I say the babe was saved from the fire, but it disappeared that night, and after many years I believe I have found it."

"You mean, then, that the girl you are looking for is that child?" Wild inquired.

"Yes; I have every reason to believe so. There were birthmarks on the child that would be sure to identify her. She was born without any toes on her left foot, and had a strawberry mark on her right arm, just above her wrist. It is those very marks that have brought me here."

"Well, I know nothing about any marks the girl has, but I do know that she is one of the best girls that ever breathed mountain air or handled a broom to keep a kitchen floor clean. But here comes Jim Dart, who is her steady company. I would like him to hear your story."

"Certainly."

Jim Dart looked a trifle surprised when he saw the stranger, but when Wild introduced the lawyer and told him he had come to Weston in search of Eloise, he was more than surprised.

"Just wait till Mr. Parker tells his story, Jim," our hero said. "It is a regular romance, and if it turns out the books do, it can't be beat."

Then the lawyer told an interesting story, the gist of which was as follows:

The man named Adams left a fortune behind him, and the

little girl, Ethel, who had so strangely disappeared on the night of the death of her parents, was the sole heiress.

But in case she was proved to be dead the property went to a scapegoat brother of Adams named Austin.

This brother was not in town at the time of the fire, nor did he show up until several days afterward.

When he did turn up he professed great sorrow for what had occurred and then hired a lawyer.

His brother had died without a will, and the child was nowhere to be found.

Austin Adams tried to make it appear that the little girl had perished in the fire also, but there were those who knew and could prove differently.

Things went along in an unsettled state for several years.

A brother of the dead Mrs. Adams, who was convinced that the heiress was alive, kept legal talent employed which prevented Austin Adams from gaining possession of the estate.

One day a farmer drove into town and called on the champion of the missing heiress.

He had read of the case in the papers, he said, and when he read about the missing toes and strawberry mark on the child he was sure that he knew her.

"She was left at my house one night just about the time the fire occurred here in Freeport," he said. "We found her on the doorstep and with her was a hundred dollars in bills. We never found out who left her there, but we couldn't take her to the poorhouse, as we didn't have the heart to. Well, we give it out among the neighbors that we had adopted her from a foundling asylum, and we named her Eloise Gardner. Gardner is my name, you know.

"One night she was stole from us, and we always laid it to the show people who was in the town; but as we had a couple of babies of our own then, we did not push the case, and so let her go. That was the last we ever seen of her; but if it will do you any good, I remember the name of the boss of the show."

The girl's uncle thought it would do him good to know that much, so he gave the farmer fifty dollars, when he told him it was Joel Banks.

That was a great clew, if the farmer had told the truth, and the uncle began to work on it.

He traced the show to Australia, and then it was lost for a number of years, when one day he picked up a paper published in Western Minnesota and read an account of a show being "busted" in a small town in the wilds of Dakota.

It was written in a semi-humorous vein, but there was nothing funny in it for the uncle, for when he read that the boss of the show bore the name of Joel Banks and that the pretty trapeze performer was Eloise Gardner, he felt like jumping in the air.

He went to his attorneys and gave them the case, and they succeeded just in time in preventing a final settlement of the estate.

It was given out that the missing heiress to the fortune of Mr. Adams would be found and produced in court inside of six weeks.

This created a big sensation in Freeport, and started Austin Adams to work.

The six weeks would be up in four days more, the lawyer said, and that meant that Eloise Gardner must be produced in Freeport on or before that time.

Wild and Jim listened to this remarkable story with excited interest.

It sounded like a novel, and they could scarcely believe it was real.

But the result was that they took Lawyer Parker over to see Eloise.

In less than two minutes the three of them became convinced that she was the heiress to the Adams fortune.

It was decided that she would leave that very day for Freeport.

Jim and Dove-Eye Dave were to go with her.

"If we could find a scar-faced man we would be able to prove something against Austin Adams," said the lawyer.

"A scar-faced man was one of those who kidnapped Eloise last night," answered Wild.

"And then it can easily be understood. Austin Adams, who is in the town of Spauldicks now, hired the men to put the girl out of the way before I found her. He knew I was coming here to search for her, and he has been doing his level best to prevent me from getting here. I have long been convinced that he was the one who set fire to the house that burned his brother and his wife, and that it was he who took the girl out in the country and left her at the farmhouse; but

I could not prove it, so have had to keep still. But find me this man with the scarred face, and I will prove it."

"I am afraid you will never find Scar-faced Dan alive," answered our hero. "It is more than probable that the Sioux killed him last night."

"I hope that is not so."

"Well, we will try and find out for you before you go."

"Do you think you can?"

"We will try."

Half an hour later Young Wild West and the lawyer walked over toward Brown's Gazoo.

They met Cheyenne Charlie and Jack Robedee at the post-office, and then the four men went over to the hotel.

But few in Weston knew of how Eloise Gardner had been kidnaped the night before, and Wild did not want them to just yet.

"Good-morning, Wild," said John Edgwick, the clerk, as they walked in.

"Good-morning, John; anything new?"

"Nothing much, except that the Indian war is on again, and dangerously close to us here in Weston."

"Oh, it won't last long. In a week there will be very little fighting within a hundred miles of here. Sitting Bull has been a little too slow in getting his forces centered here. If he had done as it was reported he was doing, things would have been very warm around here. It will not take General Radson long to clean out Purple Face and his gang, and that will break the backbone of the uprising around this section. I am not so sure of this, but just remember what I am telling you and see how far out of the way I am."

"I guess you know what you are talking about, if anybody does. Oh, by the way, I saw the scar-faced fellow early this morning."

"You did?" cried Wild, with a start, while Lawyer Parker showed signs of being greatly agitated.

"Yes. He went in Flannigan's place just as it was getting light. I got up early this morning, as it was my day off yesterday, and I knew I had plenty of work to do. The fellow acted as though he was mighty glad to get in when Flannigan's man opened the door for him."

Young Wild West did not remain long in the Gazoo after hearing this.

He told Charlie and Jack the wonderful story of which Eloise was the heroine, and then the four repaired to Flannigan's, going by a roundabout way, so they would not be seen before they got to the door.

Scar-face Dan was not in the barroom, so Wild pushed his way into the back room, in spite of the fact that the bartender told him there was a private party in there.

And there was a private party there, too.

It consisted of Scar-face Dan and Flannigan.

The two villains looked up when our hero entered, followed by his companions.

The kidnaper sprang to his feet and tried to draw his revolver.

But Wild had him covered before he could reach it.

"Sit down!" he commanded. "We have a little business with you."

The man obeyed, showing great fear as he did so.

"Mr. Parker, this is the man you wanted to see," said our hero.

"Yes; I recognize him as the fellow Austin Adams hired to kill the girl," was the reply.

The villain turned as pale as death, and then Flannigan concluded that it was about time he asserted himself.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you will have to get out of here. This is a private room."

"We will go out when we get ready," answered Cheyenne Charlie, swinging his revolver around till it rested on a line with the proprietor's head.

"We will go as soon as we have settled our business with this man," spoke up Wild, in his cool, affable manner.

"Mr. Scar-face," said the lawyer, seating himself before Dan, "do you want to stay here in Weston and be lynched for what you did last night?"

The villain brightened up as if by magic.

It was evident that he thought his time was getting short.

"Do yer mean to say that nothin' will be done to me if I tell all yer want to find out?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, I mean that—every word of it. I will take you to Illinois, and when you have testified before a court all you know about Austin Adams, you will be discharged, and you will have a chance to begin life anew."

"It's a go."

Wild was delighted as much as Parker was, but he did not want to let the villain know he was.

"How did you get away from the Indians last night?" he asked.

"A bullet cut ther rope my hands was tied with," he answered. "My two pals got killed, an' I crawled away an' stayed in ther bushes till ther fightin' was over. Then I come back here, not darin' to head for Spondulicks."

"That sounds reasonable. Well, come on over to the office with us. I am going to take you over to Spondulicks pretty soon. We want to interview Mr. Austin Adams before you are taken to Illinois."

"All right. I'll face him."

When the train left at two o'clock that day, it carried Young Wild West, Dove-Eye Dave, Jim Dart and Eloise Gardner and Lawyer Parker and his prisoner, Scar-face Dan.

The train got into Spondulicks safely, and the first thing our hero learned was that the Sioux had been defeated in a battle the night before and driven to the north again.

Then Scar-face Dan led them to the place he had agreed to meet Austin Adams at.

CHAPTER IX.

AUSTIN ADAMS' RESOLVE.

Austin Adams was waiting the coming of the men he had hired to do the dastardly work, and when he opened the door of his room in the hotel, in answer to a knock, his face lighted up.

His man was there.

Young Wild West and Dove-Eye Dave followed Scar-face Dan inside, and noticing that he had never seen them before, Adams looked at them questioningly.

"Friends of mine," said the villain, as our hero nudged him.

"Where are your other friends?"

"Dead!"

"Dead, eh?"

"Yes; they all went under. Killed by Injuns."

"Have you come to claim your wages?"

"I've come to git you in trouble, that's what I've come for. Ther jig is up, Mr. Adams. I've told ther whole thing to save my life."

"You have, eh?" and Mr. Adams slapped his hand upon his hip pocket to draw a revolver.

"None of that, my friend."

It was Young Wild West who said this, and looking around, Adams saw a revolver staring him right in the eyes.

"Come in, Mr. Parker."

The lawyer promptly entered, and with a gasp of fear and dismay the cornered villain sank into a chair.

"It is all up!" he exclaimed, his lips turning as blue as Indigo. "Parker, you have won the game. All I ask is for you to let me go. I will never show my face in the State of Illinois again if you do."

"I can't agree to that," was the calm rejoinder. "You will be needed in Freeport to stand trial for the murder of your brother and his wife."

At this the man's eyes rolled wildly and he fell into a fit.

That accusation was more than he could stand, and his shattered nerves gave way.

A physician was called and he was soon brought to.

Then, at his own request, Parker took down his confession to all he was charged with.

This was read to him, and then he signed the document in the presence of our friends, the physician and the proprietor of the hotel.

Parker walked over to the chair he was sitting upon.

"Austin Adams," he whispered in the man's ear, "your life is too good for you. I am going to leave you here in the Wild West—leave you here to die with your boots on, as they say, for something tells me that you won't live long. There is an open window behind me. Get up and leap through it."

Mechanically the man obeyed.

He was not so very quick in getting through the window, and as Dove-Eye Dave raised his revolver to drop him, Parker stopped him.

"Let him go," he cried. "It will take a whole lot of time to make the arrangements to get him into the State of Illinois. We have all we want of him, anyway."

So they gave way to the lawyer.

A train was scheduled to leave for the East at six o'clock, so Wild stayed with them till that time, seeing to it during the wait that Scar-face Dan was treated to a hair-cut and shave and a bath, and then fitted out in a suit of decent clothes.

Young Wild West wished Eloise and those who were accompanying her to Illinois the best of luck, and as the train pulled out she assured him that she would be back in Weston just as soon as she could get there.

Then Wild did something he had not done in a long time. He bought a ticket for Weston to ride home in the train.

He took a seat in the smoking-car behind a man he thought looked somewhat familiar.

The train had not covered over a mile when the man got up and took a seat on the other side of the car.

As he walked over, our hero recognized him.

It was no other than Austin Adams.

As calmly as you please he got up and walked over to the vacant seat beside the scoundrel and sat down.

"Have you a match?" he asked, pulling a cigar from his pocket.

The disguised man said nothing, but produced a handful of matches and held them out, keeping his head turned the other way.

"Thank you, Mr. Adams," exclaimed Wild, politely, as he took one of the matches.

Adams sank back as though completely overcome.

"So you know me, then?" he managed to gasp.

"Yes; I know you. But calm yourself. As Lawyer Parker has let you drop, I am sure I won't interfere with you, as long as you behave yourself."

When the train was half-way to Weston there came a signal for it to stop.

There were a lot of wounded cavalymen there, waiting to be taken to Weston.

Purple Face's braves had been badly defeated that morning, so the report went, but the villain had escaped and was heading north to join his leader, Sitting Bull.

This was pleasing news to Wild, and he felt great satisfaction at hearing it.

When the train got to Weston our hero went direct to the Murdock residence.

He wanted to tell Arietta and the rest all about what took place at Spondulicks.

But let us follow Austin Adams.

When the disguised man alighted from the train, he asked the first person he met where he could find a good hotel to stop at over night.

It happened that the man he asked was a friend of Flannigan, and he, of course, directed him to his place.

Adams walked in rather nervous and asked for whisky.

He found that the drink made him feel better, so he bought another, asking the landlord to drink with him this time.

And Flannigan was pleased to do so.

"You are from ther East, I reckon," he observed with a

"Yes, from Illinois."

"Illinois, hey? We had a feller here to-day what started to go to Illinois agin his will, I guess. He was in some kind of a scheme to kill a girl, so's a feller could git her fortune, or smethin' of that kind."

"That so?" And Adams showed signs of great uneasiness. "What was the man's name?"

"They call him Scar-face Dan."

"Oh!"

Austin Adams grabbed the whisky bottle and took another drink to steady his nerves.

"Was you acquainted with Scar-face Dan?" asked Flannigan, innocently.

"Yes—no! I mean—that is—I never heard of him before."

"Well, if you was a friend to Scar-face Dan you kin be a friend to me," he said. "Young Wild West an' his gang certainly used him putty rough, though I must say that ther lawyer gave him a chance for his life."

"See here!" exclaimed Adams, suddenly; "you talk as though you knew me."

"I don't know as I do, but yer might be ther man what hired Dan to take ther gal off an' kill her."

"Sh-h-h!"

Flannigan had guessed correctly, and he knew it now.

"You are all right," he said. "Have another drink. I s'pose yer come over to Weston to git square on Young Wild West, an' you want some one to give you a few tips. Drink her up!"

The nervous man gulped the liquor down without a word. Then he asked for a room for the night, and tossed a ten-dollar gold-piece on the bar.

"Keep the change," he said.

Flannigan grinned and called a man to show him to a room.

It was about midnight when Adams left his room and went to the barroom.

There were few customers there, nearly all of them being in the card rooms, and Flannigan was lazily smoking a cigar.

He nodded pleasantly as his guest came up.

The two got to drinking, and as he gradually became intoxicated, Adams opened his soul to the rascally landlord, and finally expressed himself as desirous of killing Young Wild West.

"You kin do it easily enough, 'cause he won't be lookin' for a tenderfoot to drop him," Flannigan said. "I ain't got no use for him, but I don't dare to say so, only to my intimate friends, an' I take it that you are one of 'em."

"Yes; I am your friend. I will stick to you as long as I live, because you have told me who is the cause of my downfall. I will go to bed now, and see you in the morning."

Young Wild West's latest enemy then went to his room and retired.

The next morning he was up long before Flannigan was, and he spent his time sitting on the porch, watching the passers-by.

It was nine o'clock when who should come along but Young Wild West.

Adams moved uneasily.

Straight Eye, the Indian with the white heart, was with our hero, and Adams wondered how it was that the boy was so friendly with a red man.

The impulse that came to him was to draw his revolver and shoot Wild as he turned his back, but he did not have the nerve to do it then.

When our hero had passed on to the post-office the villain got up and went into the barroom.

Flannigan had just come downstairs, and he greeted him with a pleasant good-morning.

"Let's have a good horn of whisky together," suggested Austin Adams. "When Young Wild West comes back from the post-office over there I am going to shoot him dead in his tracks!"

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSION.

Wild was feeling pretty good that morning.

When he reached the post-office he chatted gayly with Arietta, and told her that he guessed he would get Straight Eye to introduce him to some nice Indian maiden, so he could make her jealous of him.

"I got jealous of you once, but it will never happen again," she answered with a laugh.

"What do you think of that, Straight Eye?" our hero asked.

"She speaks what is right," he replied. "It is wrong to get jealous. That is something the red man will kill for. I have a pretty young maiden back in the hills in the camp of Sitting Bull, but I will never see her again now. If she marries another brave I will not be jealous of her, because I will be dead."

This expression, coming so suddenly, took all the fun out of Wild.

He looked at the Indian and saw that he was in earnest.

"What do you mean, Straight Eye?" he questioned a little sharply. "You are not thinking of committing suicide, are you?"

"No!" And Straight Eye drew himself up to his full height and smiled scornfully: "Listen! I will tell you a little story.

"Many years ago, when there were no white men in all this great country, my great-grandmother was born. She was one of the prettiest of her race. Her eyes sparkled like the diamonds the white maiden wears in her ears and at her throat; her smile was like the sunshine that melts the snow on the mountain-tops and her lips were like the budding rose that grows along the edge of the great timber land.

"She was very beautiful, and she would smile at no brave until Crow Foot came along. He won her heart.

"But her father, the big chief, told her not to marry Crow Foot, as Crow Foot was a bad Indian. He called in the medicine man of the tribe and he told her that if she married Crow Foot she would have two sons born to her, one of whom would be a good son and the other a bad son.

"Well, the maiden would not listen to her father or the medicine man, so she ran away and married Crow Foot. She had two sons born to her. One turned out to be a good one and the other a bad one. The good son died on his thirtieth birthday, and the bad son lived to revel in blood.

"The good son was my grandfather.

"He had two sons, and one of them was my father. He was the good son, and he died on his thirtieth birthday. He had two sons, and I am one and Purple Face is the other. This is my thirtieth birthday."

Wild and Arietta were deeply impressed by the story.

But they both tried to laugh away the Indian's belief.

"Nonsense! Why, you are as well as a man could be. There is not the least sign of sickness about you. If I were you, and really thought that way, I would go home and stay in the house till the birthday passed."

"I will go to your house and stay there pretty soon. But something will happen before the day is passed. I feel it! I feel it as I never thought before. I have done my best to

be a good Indian. I have worked against my own brother and helped the white man to drive him back from the mountain. I believe in doing good."

"Take him to the house and get him interested in a game of checkers," suggested Arietta.

"All right. Come on, Straight-Eye! To-morrow we will go out and shoot a nice fat buck, and we will enjoy a feast to celebrate the victory of the palefaces."

The two started back for the house, pretty Arietta Murdock watching them, all the fun taken out of her by the sad and uncanny superstition of the red man.

"You made a bargain with me, Young Wild West," remarked Straight-Eye, as they walked along. "You kept your word and I kept mine. You called me a red man with a white heart, and I feel proud of it."

"So do I, Straight-Eye."

"You are a great brave, and you will live long and prosper."

"Thank you for prophesying that."

Just as the two reached the front of Flannigan's place a startling thing happened.

A man in the doorway suddenly raised a revolver and fired point-blank at the breast of Young Wild West.

As quick as the move had been, Straight-Eye was much quicker.

Even as the villain pressed the trigger he threw himself in front of Wild and received the bullet in his heart.

Straight-Eye had died on his thirtieth birthday, after all!

Young Wild West turned as quick as a flash and saw that the coward who had fired the shot was Austin Adams.

Before the scoundrel could fire another shot there was a sharp report, and he fell to the ground.

It was one of the quickest shots Wild had ever made, but his bullet had found its mark.

The wretch died without a groan.

Almost instantly a crowd collected about the spot.

There were tears in the eyes of Young Wild West as he bent over his Indian friend and found that he was dead.

"Gentlemen," said he, with something like a choking sob in his throat, "here lies the body of one of the whitest men that ever lived! Though he possessed a red skin, he had a white heart, and he has proved it to me more than once in the past few days. I am sorry, now, that I shot the coward who slew him. Shooting was too good for him! He should have died by inches. He aimed at me, and to save my life, Straight-Eye took the bullet in his heart. Gentlemen!" Wild was getting a trifle excited now, "it strikes me that it was a put-up job to kill me as I was passing this place. I call upon the proprietor to arm or deny my charge."

Flannigan now stepped forward, his face as white as a sheet.

"I know nothing of it," he blurted out. "Indeed I don't."

"You are sure?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, I will give you the benefit of the doubt, but mind your eye while you stay here in Weston."

That was all Wild said just then.

He did not want to let his anger get the best of him.

But he firmly believed that Flannigan knew all about the foul attempt on his life.

And he meant to keep a sharp eye on the man in the future.

The body of Straight-Eye was taken to the undertaker's, and then Wild West went back to the post-office.

He found his sweetheart in tears.

"I can't seem to get over what the Indian told us, Wild," she said. "It is a shame that it should come true, what he said."

"Yes, it is."

"But—but——"

"But what, little one?"

"It was better for him to die than you."

Wild said nothing to this.

He changed the subject, and soon had the girl in a good humor again.

Then Cheyenne Charlie and Jack Robedee came along, and they all went over to the company's office.

The killing of Straight-Eye was the talk of the town for the balance of the day.

But inside of a week it had died out and the incident was forgotten by all save a few.

Among the few to remember it outside of our friends was Flannigan.

He would never forget that as long as he lived, and he began to feel as though he was a marked man.

Before the end of another week he found a customer and sold his place.

Then he lost no time in leaving Weston.

It was a good thing, and but few were sorry for it.

The few were among the worst class in the town.

It was now two weeks, and Young Wild West had not heard from Jim Dart.

A day or two after that he received a long letter written by Jim.

Eloise had been received loyally by her uncle, and her claim to the fortune proved beyond a doubt.

It would take about a month to go through the process that was required by law.

A guardian had to be appointed by the judge of the county, and many other things that seem trivial enough, but take time, just the same.

The guardian that she selected was her uncle, as might be supposed.

He had made the fight for her all these long years, and could be better suited to look out for her interests after she got her rights.

Jim's letter wound up as follows:

"We are having grand times here, Wild. This town is nothing like Weston. There is an opera-house here, and they have good plays—not like the great play that Bub Sprague went broke over—but such as I never saw.

"The town is very tame, of course, but there is plenty to see in it that is new. Dove-Eye Dave is longing to get back to Weston, though. He says he would die if he had to live in such a tame place long.

"Eloise enjoys it here as much as I do, and, I think, more. But she declares that she must come back to Weston, and her uncle and aunt say she must be humored in that respect. When we come home they are coming with us, so you might induce them to settle there. Her uncle is a retired business man, with a moderate fortune, and I have an idea that Weston would suit him.

"I have read in the papers that the Indians have given up warring against the whites for a time, and I suppose the people in Weston are glad of it.

"Will write again next week and let you know when we will start for home."

There is nothing more to add to the story of "Wild West's Bargain."

Next week's issue will contain "YOUNG WILD WEST'S VACATION; OR, A LIVELY TIME AT ROARING RANCH."

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE.

CURRENT NEWS

While tramping over his farm, near Senola, Ga., O. Z. Crick discovered a large turtle foraging among his crops. He caught the turtle and weighed it. It tipped the scale at thirty-seven pounds.

Mrs. John Eckard, of Ramsey, Ill., lowered herself into a thirty-foot well into which her two-year-old son had tumbled. She steadied herself by bracing her feet against the stones, and upon reaching the water picked up the child. She remained there holding the babe for half an hour until her daughter, who had gone for help, returned with neighboring farmers. Both she and the child were hauled out uninjured.

A workman excavating for a new building in Milwaukee, Wis., uncovered with his pickaxe a tin can filled with gold. The amount is estimated at between \$2,000 and \$5,000. The money was divided among the men. The two dollar and a half, five dollar, ten dollar and twenty dollar pieces were dated from 1840 to 1855, leaving the impression that the owner had put them in the hiding place before the civil war. It is thought he enlisted and intended to get the money after his return.

Sandusky firemen are knitting not socks for soldiers, but shawls for their wives. The knitting idea was put into their heads when a fireman from one of the Columbus stations visited the Sandusky Central Station and remarked that knitting is the principal pastime of Columbus firemen. Cards and checkerboards were promptly put aside, and now almost any evening firemen in each one of Sandusky's five stations may be seen sitting around with yarn, knitting needles and shawls well on the way to completion.

Thirty-nine years after completing a course at the Iowa Farm College at Ames, I. W. Bonck, of Royalton, Minn., is to receive a diploma and be graduated with the degree of bachelor of science. Mr. Bonck finished a four-year course, but was compelled to leave college before taking two of his final examinations and therefore did not receive his sheepskin. A professor at the Iowa institution has been delving into the old records and believes Bonck should have his diploma. He has been notified he may take part in the commencement.

During forenoon, five trout fishermen in Orangeville, Me., saved the life of a red squirrel, which was on the point of being crushed by a huge black snake. Hearing sounds of terror, which none of the men had ever before heard, the men dropped their poles and rushed into the bushes, where they found a squirrel struggling to free itself from the coils of a big black snake which was slowly winding itself around the little animal. The snake was backed into pieces in an instant and the squirrel scampered up a tree, where he sat and chattered at his rescuers, who declare they are sure the animal was thanking them.

It is announced that the Navy Department has ordered a dirigible aircraft from a Connecticut company, which is to be delivered within four months, and will cost \$45,636. This craft will be 175 feet long, 55 feet in height and will accommodate eight men. The speed will be 25 miles an hour. This craft cannot be seriously regarded as a fighting machine, but is probably intended merely for practice purposes and for training operators for possible future craft. The battle cruiser North Carolina, which has become superannuated, is to be remodeled to serve as an aviation ship, and will be sent to Pensacola, which is to be made a station and school for training aviators. As soon as it is finished the new airship will be sent to the same place and a floating hangar is to be provided to shelter it.

The British cruisers which are guarding the steamship lanes against German raiders do not dare to relax their vigilance for an instant, says the American Boy. It is dangerous for them to stop to take on the necessary coal, and so an ingenious method has been devised to enable them to take coal on the run. The collier that is to supply a cruiser with coal gets into touch with her by wireless and meets her at the appointed spot. The collier pulls up behind the cruiser and when about four hundred feet astern two hawsers are passed from the warship and one fastened on either side to be used as tow lines. Another cable is stretched from the masthead of the collier to the deck of the warship. The warship steams ahead at the rate of ten or twelve knots an hour, followed by the collier. Great bags holding a ton of coal are hoisted to the masthead of the collier and attached to a carrier that allows them to run rapidly down to the deck of the cruiser, where the load is automatically released. The carrier is then drawn back to the collier. By this means coal is loaded onto a moving warship at the rate of sixty tons an hour.

An artistic birdhouse, of more than ordinary pretensions to architectural beauty, has just been completed by a 92-year-old citizen of Whittier, Cal. It is a structure of reinforced concrete, 15 feet high, and houses the pet canaries of this bird-lover. The house is 8 feet square, the gabled roof being supported by ornamental concrete posts, set with round stones, while latticework fills in the spaces between the columns. The floor is of cement, with a bathing fount in the center, while over the doors, which are of wire net, are semi-circular panels of colored glass. The house is surmounted by a copper dome and flagstaff, and the ridges of the roof are decorated with a series of wooden rings in which are suspended a set of delicately-toned brass bells, which, swinging to and fro in the breeze, touch the edges of the wooden rings, giving forth a soft tinkle. A clock is part of the equipment of this aviary, and above each door is a little window, from which, on the stroke of the hour, appear mechanical cuckoos announcing the time. The building is entirely the handiwork of the owner, who estimates the cost to be over \$700.

SINBAD THE SECOND

— OR —

The Wonderful Adventures of a New Monte Cristo

By "PAWNEE JACK"

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER II.

ARRIVAL AT COQUIMBO—SINBAD ASTONISHES DON RICARDO.

They were leaving the cabin, when Jacques Dupree stopped.

"But, captain, you did not tell us your name," said the Frenchman.

"I thought you would never question me again," laughed the young man. "The name you have known me by is still my name. I am Sinbad the Second."

Half an hour later the Avenger was speeding through the waters of the Pacific towards the American coast.

Sinbad walked the deck, looking at the fast receding harbor of Sydney, one of the most beautiful in the world, more at ease in his mind since he had spoken with his friends.

On reflection, he seemed to think it only natural that they should desire to know what this apparently aimless flitting from place to place really meant.

"On their secrecy and devotion I can rely," said Sinbad to himself. "Henceforth they will take a more intelligent interest in what transpires."

Con Cregan was sailing the vessel. He was an excellent sailor and had held a master's certificate, and he could be relied on to handle the yacht well.

Having nothing to do, Sinbad sat down by the side of Jacques Dupree under an awning on the quarter deck. The Frenchman was busily examining some curious winged insect he had caught. His tastes were scientific, and he acted as doctor of the yacht, for he had a great knowledge of medicine.

"Don't think I am at all offended with you, Jacques," said Sinbad. "I don't deny that I was, but that feeling has passed away and we'll be better friends than ever, I hope."

"Sir, it is not for you to excuse yourself to me. I was entirely at fault."

"Well, well, let it pass. It's a bygone thing. I feel happier to-day than I have felt for years."

"Ah! that is good."

"Yes. It's like this. Yesterday in Sydney I heard some news purely by chance. I've always trusted to chance in my search for these men."

"Surely it was easy to find them."

"No. It was impossible. The Swiftsure may have gone to the bottom, for it was never heard of again."

"Then the villains perished with it."

"That does not follow. They probably scuttled the ship, not daring to make port with it, and landed in a boat at some unfrequented spot, separating after dividing their booty. That's what I've calculated on, and I believe I am right. Now listen. I overheard some talk in a restaurant in Sydney yesterday of the utmost importance. Two men—evil-looking wretches—were speaking of their experiences. One was telling the other he had just come out of prison. 'Time was up,' said the fellow, 'but the governor of the prison, Don Ricardo Quin, connived at my escape.'"

"A Spanish prison by the name."

"Don't be impatient. 'Dons ain't much account,' said the other man; 'not as a rule.'"

"'He was only a don in name,' said the first speaker. 'He was an Australian, Richard Quin by name, and he'd been a sailor, I reckon.'"

"Was that all?"

"Yes; except that he said the prison was in Chili, at a place called Coquimbo. It's on the coast, north of the island of Juan Fernandez. We're sailing right there now."

"But, pardon me, I see nothing in what you have told me."

"You don't?" cried Sinbad, with flashing eyes. "I tell you, Jacques Dupree, that I believe Don Ricardo Quin is that villainous mate of the Swiftsure, Richard Quince."

"True, there's a similarity in the names."

"Yes, and he's an Australian, and has been a sailor. When we arrive at Coquimbo we will find out more. Proof, proof, that is all I ask: then——"

A look, positively ghastly, came over Sinbad's face.

"You will kill him?"

"Wait, you shall see. Ah! here's Neptune, signaling to us."

"And his black face is the best signal in the world, for it means dinner."

"Dinner ready, Neptune?"

"Dat's what I'm tellin' you, massa."

"Let's hope it's a good one."

"Massa, Neptune nebber gib you no bad dinners."

Neptune, who was a full-blooded negro from the Isle of Trinidad, grinned all over his face, as he proceeded to serve the dinner.

"That's another poor fellow you saved."

"Yes," answered Sinbad. "True, slavery is abolished,

but his life was a hard one. I think he is very grateful to me."

"And so are we all," said Ivan, who had now joined them.

Everything on the yacht was of the most sumptuous character, and the Avenger was truly described by Sinbad as a floating palace. Still, confinement even in a palace becomes irksome, and Sinbad fretted over the length of the voyage.

The Avenger was a vessel of seven hundred tons, as fast as anything on the water, but it was necessary on such a long voyage to husband the coal. To have steamed at full speed would have used up all that was in the bunkers before the end of the journey was reached. The yacht was rigged as a sailing vessel, and when the wind favored it proceeded under canvas.

"Land ho!" cried the lookout man, and soon, in the dim distance, what seemed to be a fog bank, but was in reality the coast of Chili, rose into view.

It was noon when the Avenger came to an anchor opposite the town of Coquimbo, and without loss of time Sinbad, taking Kama with him, hastened ashore. A large crowd had assembled, for the arrival of the yacht at a town seldom visited by ships was quite an event. Kama attracted more attention than Sinbad, for he was dressed in an Oriental costume of rich material.

"Senor," said Sinbad, addressing a man who appeared to be in authority and speaking in Spanish, "you see I have but just arrived. I wish to pay my respects to the governor. Will you take me to him?"

"Don Ricardo Quin! I shall have much pleasure in doing so."

"So Don Ricardo is the governor of the town as well as the jail," muttered Sinbad. "He's evidently a very great man here."

The Chilian official led the way to a great stone building which Sinbad had noticed whilst making for the port. It was built close to the water's edge and looked like a fortress. On entering its gates a thrill of emotion passed over him, but in a moment he had mastered it, and his face was as impassive as ever.

"Kama Kama!" he muttered; "is it to be?"

"Let us hope. We can do no more."

"Yes—we can watch."

On being told that the governor was in the prison yard, the official led Sinbad and his attendant there.

They found Don Ricardo engaged in pistol practice, shooting at a target about twenty paces off, which was affixed to a wall.

"Don Ricardo," said the official, "allow me to present to you the owner of the yacht that lies at anchor in the bay, Senor Sinbad."

"Senor Sinbad," answered the governor, "you descend on us as if you had come by magic from the mountains of the moon, like your namesake in the old story. Senor, you are welcome."

Sinbad appeared not to notice the hand which was offered him, contenting himself with bowing very low. Meanwhile, he scrutinized closely every feature of the man's face, observing, too, with great attention the tone of his voice.

"Ten years," he said to himself; "they make a great difference in all of us."

"Pardon me, senor," said Sinbad, "but you do not appear to be a native of this country. If you could speak in English, I should be glad, for my Spanish is very indifferent."

"I had not noticed it," answered the governor, flushing somewhat. "Fortunately I can speak English, for I lived for some years in New York, but I am a native of Spanish America all the same."

"I am from Australia now, senor. Were you ever there?"

"Never."

"And you have not missed much. But go on with your practice. I don't want to interrupt you."

The governor laughed.

"You have to keep your hand in here, Senor Sinbad. We fight a good many duels, and mostly with the pistol."

"Most men who have been sailors are bad shots. I hope you have more success."

Don Ricardo turned as white as death, and he held his hand against his side to prevent its trembling from being visible.

"I was never at sea in my life," he said, after a pause, in a voice which he tried in vain to render calm. "Never!"

"Then we must not always judge by the hands."

The eyes of the two met, but Sinbad had a perfectly guileless look on his face which seemed to rob the words of any hidden meaning.

"To show you I'm not a sailor," said the governor, forcing a laugh, "I will shoot at the target. If I miss, you will admit your mistake."

With that Don Ricardo sent six shots from his six-shooter with great precision, all of them lodging in the red disc, or close to it.

"Don't let us quarrel, Senor Sinbad, or I should be a dangerous enemy."

"Quarrel! Why should we? Do you know of a reason?"

"No, no. Let us see what you can do with the six-shooter. Come, we're seven critics here, but we make all allowances for a sailor. Ha! Ha!"

Sinbad took the six-shooter, making a sign to Kama as he did so, and the latter ran immediately across the courtyard, and stood with his back to the wall. Then he placed one arm at full length, extending to their fullest width the fingers of his hand, which was held flat against the wall.

Don Ricardo and his friends were too astounded to speak.

As for Kama he regarded the whole affair with complete indifference.

Almost without taking aim, so it seemed, Sinbad fired and when he had finished it was seen that he had placed one bullet outside the thumb, and the others between the different fingers of Kama's hand.

"Senor Sinbad," said the governor, in awe-struck tones, as he took the pistol from him, "we shall not fight, take my word for it."

Sinbad accepted an invitation to dine with the governor that night, and then, after taking some refreshment, he hurried back to the ship.

(To be continued)

ITEMS OF INTEREST

LOST \$1,000 BET.

Walter Fadden, restaurateur, took a walk recently that cost him \$1,000. With a stream of perspiration trickling off his nose and his hair a matted mass, he arrived at the Minneapolis Court House at 9:28 o'clock in the morning, exactly eight minutes too late to win a bet of \$1,000 that he could walk from St. Paul to Minneapolis in an hour and fifteen minutes. Chief Andrews and H. K. Harrison are the winners of the wager.

PLOWS UP 318 COINS.

Dreyfull Bonham was plowing on his farm near Switz City, Ind., when his plow-share caught on an old iron chain and brought to the surface a tin can containing many silver half dollars. Mr. Bonham made a search of the spot and dug up \$159, all in half-dollar pieces. The old can, the rusted chain and the discolored condition of the money, and the date on the coins, some running back to 1854, indicate that the money had been buried many years.

BOY ATTEMPTS TO FLY.

John Mitchell, aged fourteen, living in the Mt. Vernon road, below Evansville, Ind., attempted to rival the birds and came to grief with a broken arm. Mitchell made a girder and wings after a pattern in a boy's book which he bought at a local store. He attempted to slide from the loft of the stable to the ground. The girders were not strong and the wings collapsed. Mitchell fell to the ground and his left arm was broken near the elbow and he suffered slight internal injuries.

JAPAN LONGS FOR FRESH LOBSTER.

Japan resolving to propagate lobsters in its own waters, twenty-seven lobsters were shipped from the Maine coast to Yokohama early last winter. Eleven reached there alive—the first visitors of the kind to Japanese shores, and the survivors of the longest journey that lobsters ever made. Lobster salad, lobster a la Nienburg will henceforth do their full work in elevating gastronomic taste in the Far East without, let us hope, the corresponding effect upon habits if not morals seen in the late hours of the Occident.

WIDOW GETS BIG JOB.

Mrs. George Welch, who took charge of the Corpus Christi, Texas, postoffice recently, is believed to be the only woman in the United States to have charge of a post office of the first class. Mrs. Welch is the widow of Judge Stanley Welch, for years a leading jurist of Texas and who was assassinated ten years ago at Rio Grande City on the eve of an election. She is an appointee of President Wilson, her nomination having been submitted by Congressman John N. Garter. The Corpus Christi office has an annual revenue of \$15,000 and employs eighteen clerks and carriers.

UNDERGROUND GALLERIES OF WELBECK ABBEY.

On the coming of age of the Marquis of Titchfield recently, the famous underground galleries of Welbeck Abbey, in England, were thrown open and over a thousand guests were entertained under surroundings that suggested a scene in fairyland. This abbey, with its vast system of underground apartments and passages, is one of the wonders of England. The fifth Duke of Portland had a passion for privacy, and this underground system is one of the undertakings on which he is said to have spent about \$35,000,000. The principal feature is the subterranean picture gallery, 160 by 64 feet, containing many priceless works of art and lighted by twelve enormous glass chandeliers. From the park entrance to the abbey there is an underground drive one and one-half miles long, from which tunnels, having a total length of eleven miles, branch in all directions. Among the principal underground apartments are the riding school where Joseph Chamberlain once addressed an audience of 5,000 persons, a tanbark track, a quarter of a mile long, which is said to be the finest indoor exercise ground for horses in the world, and a "rose corridor" 150 yards long. All the corridors and apartments are hung with tapestries, are well heated and lighted, and are richly decorated. Balls and banquets are held in three large apartments adjoining the picture gallery.

BICYCLE RACING AGAIN THE RAGE.

The promoters of the six-day bicycle race in Chicago last winter sensed the fact that the time was ripe for a revival of bicycle racing. The large crowds that turned out to see the race proved that their "hunch" was indeed a happy one.

All over the country the racing fever is spreading. In a score of cities new race tracks have been established. One of the best known of these tracks or velodromes, as they are called, is at Riverview Park, Chicago.

Every week cycling events are held at Riverview, and every week large numbers of new performers are entering the races in competition for the valuable prizes that are offered.

An interesting effect that the revival of racing is having on the bicycle industry as a whole is reported by the Mould Cycle Company of Chicago. They say they are doing the largest business in their history and that the demand for machines of the racing type is taxing their capacity.

A very practical development in the trade generally, resulting from the revival of the racing fever, is a tendency to swing away from the heavy machine, loaded with useless and expensive equipment back to the old style, light, simple, stripped machine.

The new catalogue of the Mould Cycle Company is a feast for the person who is interested in the possibilities of a new machine, or in the providing of equipment for the old machine. Any reader can secure a copy by addressing Mould Cycle Company, Dept. D 290, Chicago, Ill.

THE ROB ROYS

—OR—

BOLD BOB, THE CAPTAIN OF THE TEAM

By **DICK ELLISON**

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XV (continued)

Between Mike's strong arms and Murray Roberts' they succeeded in getting poor Bold Bob back to the college. He was very weak from loss of blood, and it was no easy task to get him to his own room and into bed.

Then they called in a physician, who pronounced the wound painful, though not dangerous.

"That is, it is not dangerous with proper care and good nursing," he said slowly and thoughtfully. "Of course if it were to be neglected, and blood poisoning set in, it might be serious for our friend. However, we will trust to luck that it will not happen, for he has naturally a strong constitution. I think we shall be able to pull him through."

"Faith, an' I know we will, sor," Mike responded heartily. "He's made av good stuff, th' bye is, an' if he's goin' to let a wee bit av cold lead put him out av th' world, shure thin he's not th' man I'm afther thinkin' he is. May th' divil fly away wid th' man that fired the bullet into Bold Bob. Shure, an' if I got me two hands on him, I'd lay him out for good an' all. I'd be afther batin' him black an' blue, an' I'd bend that face entoirely out av shape. Bad luck to him, but who but a coward wud shoot a man in the back?"

"Are you sure that Henry Selden was the one who fired the shot, Mike?" the doctor asked, earnestly. "Are you sure you are not mistaken? Think twice before you speak, for it is a very serious affair."

"Am I shure that I am alive an' breathin', sor?" Mike asked, somewhat reproachfully. "Faith, sor, an' didn't I be afther sayin' that I saw th' deed done wid me own two eyes? Shure, sor, an' I saw him raise th' gun, or rather th' pistol, an' then took aim, an' he fired, an' our Mither Robert he dropped to th' ground loike a log. Faith an' I thought he was dead, an' I couldn't move at all, sor. Thin says I do meself, good heaven, I mustn't stand here loike a dead man while Mither Robert's in danger, an' down on me knees I flop, an' puts me ear to his heart. Shure, sor, an' it was thumpin' loike a horse afire, an' thin I knew he was alive. Heaven rist his soul; so Mither Robert an' meself, behind us, we lugged him home, an' here we be, an' now, doctor, dear, do you think he'll be afther livin'? Shure an' he's the whitest bye I iver saw in all me life, an' I wud hate to see him torn up his toes, an' all for th' sake of a dirty dog that wasn't fit to carry Mither Robert's cold shoes. Ah, but if iver I lays me two hands on him, I'll murder him, faith an' I will. Bad luck to him, but I'll fix him yet."

"There, there, Mike, keep quiet like a good fellow, and all will be well," the physician said, soothingly. "Let Bold Bob sleep, and when he awakens he will be himself again, but let him rest. I will dress his wound and give him something to make him rest. In the morning you may say what you like, but to-night you must be silent. You have common sense enough to know that, Mike, so I shall trust you."

CHAPTER XVI.

AND IN THE END PEACE SUBLIME.

Mike swelled up with pride like a turkey cock, and he never uttered a single word. He felt the importance of his position too much for that. All night long he remained by the bedside of the wounded boy as watchful and careful as if he had been his own son.

"Shure, an' I wud niver wake th' bye, even if me own life depended on it," he muttered, shaking his head gravely. "For av all th' byes I iver saw, shure, an' he takes th' cake. Bejabers, he takes th' whole bakery. Holy Moses, but he's a daisy!"

"Well then, Mike, keep quiet, and when he awakens in the morning he'll be a different man," Murray Roberts whispered. "Let the boy sleep and get a good night's rest, for heaven knows he needs it. He'll be all right in the morning, and then he can talk."

"Talk is it?" repeated Mike. "Talk is it? Shure an' I could talk for a week widout stoppin', but I suppose Mither Robert he can't talk widout havin' a bit av sleep first—shure, but he's the divil's own bye, an' he'll pass in any crowd. Bad luck to him, but he's as good a bye as iver looked through the bottom av a whisky glass, not to say anything else."

Bold Bob slept until morning. The physician had successfully removed the bullet, and therefore there was no danger. To be sure he had a high fever, but the good doctor said that would in time wear away, so the two watchers were not at all alarmed.

"Shure an' the bye is a wee bit out av his head," Mike whispered confidentially to his partner. "He's a bit looney, as yez can see for yerself, but moind me words, he's shure to come out all roight, for he's the whitest bye that ever got inside av a pair av pants. Ah, but if iverybody was loike Bold Bob, shure an' we'd afther havin' no throuble."

"But every one is not like Bold Bob, Mike," Murray Roberts said slowly. "Once in ten years you meet one like him, but you don't meet them every day. I wish to heaven they were all alike and we would have far less trouble, for he is the whitest man in America."

"An' he is the whitest man I iver did see," said Mike, drawing his coat sleeves across his eyes. "Heaven knows I niver saw a betther bye, but good gracious, what can I do wid him? He is as good as an angel, an' he is all right, but blast me if I——"

"We're not talking as far as money goes," Murray Roberts said with dignity; "we's only talking of the future of one of our most promising young men, and I want to save him."

"Well, my dear boy, as far as I can see, you are going to save him; in fact, we are going to save him," the doctor answered in a sympathetic voice. "I say now what I said in the start—he must be kept quiet, then he will be all right. His nervous system has received a shock that it will take some time to get over, but once the crisis is passed, and he is all right, I shall trust you, Mike, to take good care of him, for I know you are an excellent nurse; in fact, there's none in the whole town that can equal you."

"Shure, an' yez are right there, doctor," Mike replied, with pride. "If iver anybody is sick in th' whole country—why, it's sind for Mike McCarthy, for he's th' bye that will pull thim through ivery toime. Niver in all me loife did anybody die that Mike McCarthy nursed, an', begorra, they niver will! Yez can bet yer loife, doctor, I'll be lookin' afther Misther Robert."

"I ~~love~~ you will, Mike," and the good-natured doctor smiled, for he well knew how to tickle Mike's vanity. "I would far rather trust a patient in your care than with the best trained nurse in the world."

I will simply add that it was through the good care and tender nursing of bluff, honest Mike that Bold Bob's life was saved. He was really in a dangerous condition, but his physician would never let him know it. After long weeks of illness he finally arose from his bed, pale, weak, exhausted, but still the same bold, dauntless Bob of old. No matter how weak his body was, his courage was undimmed.

"I am ready to meet the Orangemen at any time," he said the very first day he was able to sit up. "I do not fear them even in my weak condition. I know we can whip them with one hand."

"True blue the same as ever," Murray Roberts said with a laugh. "I honestly believe, Bob, that if you were paralyzed you would still insist upon fighting. You are pluck all the way through and I admire you the more for it."

As soon as Bold Bob was strong enough there was another contest between the Rob Roys and the Orangemen, and it is needless to add that the Rob Roys won the victory, and a glorious victory it was for them.

"Didn't I tell you that no power upon earth could cause the Rob Roys to weaken?" the captain of the team said after the game was finished, and he, flushed with triumph, talked with Murray Roberts. "They are the ones,

and as such will they always remain. There's no need of saying anything more."

"You bet your life there's nothing wrong with the Rob Roys," Murray Roberts responded promptly. "They take the cake every day in the week, in fact they take the whole bakery."

"And they always will," was the quick reply. "When you find the Rob Roys beaten, you will find their captain dead."

"By the way," Murray Roberts responded, with a sly laugh. "There is one sugar plum in the bakery of the world that you might have for the asking, and that dainty morsel is Miss Sidney Worth. She is dead in love with you, Bob, and if you should pop the question to-morrow she would say yes. I think she is the sweetest girl I ever saw aside from Barbara Voss. Of course she comes first. But Sidney is a girl well worth winning, and I know she is dead in love with you, old man."

"Do you really think so?" Bold Bob asked, brightening up. "Do you really think she cares about me? Great heavens! if I thought she did, I would be the happiest man in all the world. But, Murt, she is rich and I am poor, and I haven't the courage to ask her to be my wife. Think of it, Murt, a penniless beggar like me, asking Colonel Worth's daughter to marry him. Why, the very idea is simply ridiculous."

"Nothing of the sort, Bob," Murray Roberts answered with a soft laugh. "For love makes all things level. I know that Sidney Worth loves you, and that she will not hesitate to share her life with you. What does she care for money, when she has plenty of it? It is the man, not the riches she looks after, and, Bob, if you are not a fool you will speak to her at once."

Kind readers, it is needless to say that our hero, Bold Bob, did speak to pretty Sidney Worth, and he was accepted. It was as Murray Roberts said, she did not care for money, for she had plenty of it. Robert MacGregor finished his course at the college, and then he and Sidney were married. A week later Murray Roberts and Barbara Voss followed suit, so two couples were at last made happy. That made no difference with the Rob Roys, however, for Bold Bob is still the captain of the team.

As for Henry Selden, he has disappeared, where, no one knows, and strange to relate no one is sorry, not even the members of the Orangemen.

THE END.

NEXT WEEK

NEXT WEEK

A GRAND NEW SERIAL ENTITLED

BROTHER X

—OR—

THE GOBBLERS OF TURKEY NECK

By Dick ELLISON

DON'T FAIL TO READ THIS STORY

OUT NEXT WEEK

TIMELY TOPICS

A rat wearing a diamond ring on its neck was lately killed by a cat in a barn belonging to Uria J. Allen, at New Gristra, N. J. Two years ago the ring was lost by Miss Maggie Adams, and it is supposed the rat, when young and small, contrived to work its head through the ring until it lodged on its neck, where it remained.

Dr. D. B. Downey, one of the city physicians of Detroit, is back at his desk after being laid up for five months with diphtheria of the eye, contracted when a child he was treating for diphtheria coughed in his face. Dr. Downey was blind for two months and had to be led around, and for several weeks was laid up in St. Mary's Hospital. Diphtheria of the eye is a very rare affliction.

During a circus at Goshen, Ind., the home of N. W. Manrow, a councilman, was entered by a stranger, who told those who saw him he was a friend of the Manrow family. He obtained \$22 in money and jewelry worth \$250 before the police could answer a telephone call. The valuables belonged to Miss Minnie Vinson, a school teacher, who rooms at the Manrow residence and who went to the circus.

Miss Mary Porter was married to James E. Burton at Holliday, west of Hannibal, Mo., recently. Their combined height will not equal eight feet and their total weight is but 147 pounds. The bride weighs 70 pounds and is 47 inches in height. The bridegroom is one inch taller and weighs seven pounds more. Burton is forty years old and the bride is twenty-six. Each has had offers to travel with shows.

How female labor figures in Russia's organization of her industries for the production of munitions is told by Thomas Stephens of a large American engineering firm. "Everywhere in Russia they are making the greatest possible use of women's labor," he says. "I visited one large factory where they make hand grenades and high explosive shells. I saw hundreds of women at work on lathes, drilling machines and stamping-out machines. The manager told me that the women's labor was just as efficient as that of the men."

Mrs. Mary Smith, who conducts a restaurant in Manhattan, Kan., was robbed recently of \$51. The money was taken from a box of heavily-scented face powder in which Mrs. Smith had concealed it. The same night the ticket agent of the Union Pacific depot sold a negro a ticket to Junction City and noticed that the money he received was heavily perfumed. The agent was able to give a description of the negro to the officers, and several business men of Junction City remember receiving some of the perfumed money. Because he shed tainted money as he went, the negro has been trailed to Kansas City, but here the trail apparently gave out, at no further trace of him has been found.

Frogs and turtles are taking Donald Carpenter and Harvey Kerr through the University of Kansas. The two students have devised a scheme to supply the university biological laboratories with frogs and turtles for experiments and are being well rewarded financially. Because of the dry climate of Kansas few frogs or turtles are found there. The university tried importing the 3,000 frogs and 1,500 turtles it uses each year from Chicago and Detroit, but the long trip proved impractical. On a vacation trip to the Ozarks, Carpenter and Kerr caught a large number of the amphibians and dumped them in the water-filled cellar of a deserted house in Lawrence, Kan., where they multiplied rapidly enough to meet all the needs of the laboratories.

The term "blue stockings," as applied to women with literary tendencies, is not now considered either elegant or appropriate, although as first used there was some warrant for its employment. Its origin is traced to the days of Samuel Johnson, and was applied then as new to women who cultivated learned conversations and found enjoyment in the discussion of questions which had been monopolized by men. About 1750 it became quite the thing for ladies to form evening assemblies, when they might participate in talk with literary and ingenious men. One of the best-known and most popular members of one of these assemblies was said to have been a Mr. Stillingfleet, who always wore blue stockings, and when at any time he happened to be absent from these gatherings it was usually remarked that "we can do nothing without blue stockings," and by degrees the term "blue stockings" was applied to all gatherings of a literary nature, and eventually to the ladies who attended the meetings.

Bart Mullenhoff, an Indian trader of Darlington, Okla., tells an interesting story of one of the first trains to run over the Rock Island tracks near the agency. The laying of the rails was a wonderment to the Indians. All day they would watch the steel being linked together. At last the track was completed and trains placed in motion. At first the Indians would not approach within two miles of the engines, for they believed the engines to possess the spirit of the devil. Their ideas of the devil had been gained from the description given by the missionaries. After a while their fears abated a little. The Indians discovered the iron monsters could not leave the track made by the white man. The Indians secured ropes and stretched them across the tracks, the ropes being tied to trees on each side of the right of way. Concealing themselves in the brush, the Indians waited to see the iron horse stopped by their ropes. A passenger train came speeding southward and snapped the ropes as though they were twine. The Indians, beholding this great strength, fled in terror, and it was a great while before they were convinced that the invader was not the Old Nick himself.

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BRIEF BUT POINTED ITEMS

William de Brular, of Brazil, Ind., who has been a grave digger since 1881, has dug more than 3,500 graves. He has removed more than 262,500 cubic feet of earth and rock from graves alone. Of the 3,500 graves 171 were for persons who met death by accident, 5 were victims of murderers, 1 was a murderer who took his own life and 63 were for persons who had committed suicide. Mr. de Brular was formerly a minister.

Henry R. Kraybill is the champion smoker at the University of Chicago and will smoke the equivalent of a cigar five feet long. Every day he will smoke sixty stogies, and he will burn them down to an inch of the butt. It isn't for his own pleasure that Kraybill is performing this Marathon act. He is making a scientific experiment, testing the burning qualities of tobacco treated with different kinds of fertilizer while growing. Kraybill is a graduate of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural College.

Grantsburg, Wis., peaceful as it is, boasts of the largest chief of police in the world. He is Gus Anderson, who is seven feet four inches in height, and, though perfectly proportioned, weighs 340 pounds. He is the only tall member of a big family, and came here from Sweden, where he was born in 1872. He served a short time on the police force at Superior, until he was stricken with typhoid fever. This giant came to this country in 1894, and for thirteen consecutive years has been chief of police.

May Stehle, in charge of the cloakroom at the Hotel Washington, Seattle, Wash., is untippable. If she would take tips she could make \$2,500 a year in addition to her salary. "But," she says, "I would lose my self-respect." The hotel management could, if it desired, fire Miss Stehle and save her salary and, to boot, sell the cloakroom "privileges" for \$150 a month. But the mere fact that it has an employee who actually spurns tips has proved such an advertisement that the hotel can't afford to let Miss Stehle go if it wanted to—which it doesn't. The traveling public cannot believe its ears when it hears Miss Stehle refuse tips. "Thank you," she says with a gracious smile, "but I do not take tips."

The use of dogs as draft animals has been developed to a greater extent in Belgium than in any other country in the warmer climes. Before the war devastated the little kingdom it was a common thing to see a Belgian woman driving a team of dogs to market with a load of milk. On the return home the animals were unharnessed and brought into the kitchen, where they slept by the fire. The story is told of a pair of dogs in Liege which used to pull a small two-wheel cart with their owner, a young artist, to a coffee house in the suburbs. Arriving at the inn, the dogs would be unharnessed and brought inside, where they would lie down by the table as the master was refreshing himself. Most of these draft dogs are said to come from a breed that is an offshoot of the Danish dog. None has been imported into the United States, but it is worthy of note that they are being used during the war to haul the American machine guns into position.

JOKES AND JESTS

Mamma—Oh, see, Willie, your little brother can stand all alone. Aren't you glad? Willie (aged six)—Sure! Now I can get him to hold an apple on his head while I shoot it off with my bow arrow, can't I?

Teacher—Johnny, write on the blackboard the sentence "Two heads are better than one." Now, Johnny, do you believe that? Johnny—Yes'm. 'Cause then you kin get a job in a dime museum and make lots o' money.

The doctor looked solemn. "You must keep quiet," he said; "talk as little as possible and under no circumstances speak above a whisper." "In that case," she replied, thoughtfully, "you must keep my husband away from me."

Applicant—Please, ma'am, can you help a poor man who is out of work? Woman—I think I can find something for you to do. Applicant (gratefully)—Thanks, if you could give me some washing to do—I'll take it home to my wife.

"Why is it," asked the curious guest, "that the poor men usually give larger tips than rich men?" "Well, suh," said the waiter, "de po' man don't want nobody to fin' out he's po', an' de rich man don't want nobody to fin' out he's rich, suh."

Edna, aged four, had heard some one use the word "sockdolager," and asked her little six-year-old brother what it meant. "Why," he replied, with an air of one possessing superior knowledge, "it's when you go to church and the preacher gets tired of talking, and he says, 'Let us now sing the sockdolager.'"

Fritz, a German lad, and little Tommy were very fond of each other, although neither could understand what the other said. "Why, Tommy," said his father, "your playmate does not speak English, does he?" "No," said Tommy. "But when a lambchoppe stude him, you see, he cries in English, and I understand him."

POOR CRAZY NELL.

By Kit Clyde

"Yes," I thoughtfully replied to a query addressed to me by a lifelong friend who had dropped in to see me. "Yes, you are right. Every room in this building, every door, every window, has its history. Sad histories, too, very sad, some of them."

"I should very much like to hear you relate the history, say of one room."

"Yes, I suppose so," thoughtfully, and then bidding my companion follow me, I led him to a room on the ground floor. The door was no longer locked, there was no need for that, for the poor creature who had been its inmate had died the night before. Already the body had been prepared for the grave.

It was that a woman, young, of slender figure, with a most beautiful face. My companion was affected by the sight.

"And was she crazy?" he asked.

"Positively so—incurable and violent."

"What produced her madness?"

"It was hereditary."

"And this room could tell of her history?" remarked my companion as we left it.

"Yes, and of a dozen others equally as sad," I answered. "Poor Crazy Nell."

"Tell me of her."

"I will," I replied, as we resumed our seats in my office, and I told him the story of Nell nearly in the following words:

Insanity is a thing so frequently and easily transmitted from parents to children that a person suspected of being tainted with madness should never be allowed to marry and have children. There should be a law to prevent it, and that law should be rigidly enforced.

But I started to tell you of poor Nell lying dead there.

Nell's grandmother once received a most terrible shock by seeing a man murdered in the street.

Her child, born soon afterwards, felt the influence of that shock through all her life.

Now here is where the law should have stepped in, and said: "This woman shall not marry; it is wrong, for she will transmit to her children this taint of insanity, or to madness."

But there was no law to say this, and Mary Nash married.

Sober as you and I are, under ordinary circumstances, you would become, as I have said, actually crazy at times.

But Mary's husband suddenly died, and shortly after Nell was born.

So Nell grew up. Years passed on. She became a girl, and then a woman.

Superstition had a single trace of her mother's insanity passed on to Nell, and then began to hope that she was a normal being. But they learned differently when one day her mother was thrown into a prison.

Nell saw her mother while in this fit—she had never seen her before at such a time—and she became almost as much crazed up as her mother, from pure sympathy.

Of the latter feeling there exists a wonderful lot between persons whose minds are diseased.

Nell was nearly nineteen at the time, and engaged to be married to a fine young fellow who loved her dearly, and whom she in return loved with a deep devotion.

It was wrong. They should never have been allowed to meet so freely to learn to love each other, to agree to be married.

George Morrill knew nothing of the truth with Nell's mother.

He only saw in her a sensible, kind, but sad-faced woman, a woman who seemed to bear some secret burden of sorrow that it was not his business or right to inquire into.

Far less did he suspect that the beautiful creature whom he so dearly loved, who was all love, all gentleness, who showed the wealth of her affections in the warmth of her kisses, who was kind to even the flies and insects—far less, we say, did he suspect that it needed only a peculiar set of circumstances to make of her a raving lunatic.

Nell's mother was horrified when she learned of Nell's sympathy with her during the "spell."

She knew, under the circumstances, that it would be wrong for Nell to marry. But the wedding day was already set, and the bridal dress was even then in the process of making.

What was to be done?

George Morrill must know; he must not be allowed to marry Nell in ignorance of what might occur at any moment.

But up to within a week of the wedding day he had not been informed, and then they were forced to tell him.

Nell was attacked herself. She had experienced the first "spell," as her mother called these attacks.

George Morrill listened to the history of the case with a sinking heart. Would it be right for him to marry a woman likely to become insane?

Nell's paroxysm had passed, and she was lying on a sofa in an adjoining room, pale, wan and pitiful-looking.

Her lover went in and saw her thus. Sympathy and pity united with his love, and he could not help taking her in his arms.

"The day is set," he said. "We will be married as if nothing had happened."

"I was not aware that I was so cursed," explained Nell. "I would not have deceived you, indeed I wouldn't."

"I know it, darling."

"But is it best to marry me? Will you not have reason to regret the step?"

"I hope not. We will be married, Nell. They are but 'spells,' brought on by one thing, and that one thing we must try to avoid. And then you can try and conquer the feeling; such things can be done, I know."

"Yes, I will try," she said, in a hopeful tone, but inwardly she felt how useless it would be, for during her "spell" she had been far more violent than her mother ever had been.

Well, the day came, and they were married—wrong as it was.

Nell's mother had come to love George Morrill as dearly as though he had been her own son, and when the ceremony was finished she took him in her arms and kissed him, and

then blessed him and prayed that he might never have cause to regret this step.

"I never shall, I am sure," answered George Morrill, enfolding in his arms his radiant-faced bride.

For two weeks everything went along smoothly, and up to this time George Morrill had seen no reason to regret his marriage to Nell, who tripped around the house, happy as a bird, singing soft and low, her heart brimful of happiness, her face bright and radiant.

And then came the dreadful denouement, the result that might have been foreseen.

It was on a Sunday.

Nell was suddenly seized with one of her spells.

Nell became very stiff and rigid, like a very corpse, for the space of a few seconds.

Then every fiber of her body began to thrill, to twitch, and her muscles contracted spasmodically.

A convulsion seized her.

Her face began to work, her eyes became red and inflamed with an awful passion.

All reason was gone. She was insane; did not know that she loved this man, that he was her husband.

Her mother would have covered her face with her hands. Not so with Nell.

She wanted to crush down the thing which angered her, and with a terrible look on her beautiful but horribly distorted face, she caught up the heavy china pitcher and threw it at her husband.

George's back was toward her; he did not know what she was about.

It felled him to the floor, to which the pitcher then fell, and was shattered into a thousand fragments.

Dazed, stunned, aware only that his life was in danger, George Morrill crept on his hands and knees to the door, into the hall, and then somehow managed to grasp the balustrade, reach his feet, and then tottered down the stairs.

Lurching forward, he sustained himself erect in the doorway of the sitting-room for a minute.

Then he let go and took a few tottering forward steps.

Nell's mother saw him.

Crazed—yet aware that it was George who was lying there—the old woman moaned, and groaned, and shrieked, as she knelt there on the floor.

"George—George!—my son," shuddering, her eyes tightly shut. "George—my son—dear son—speak to me, tell me you are not dead!"

But a hollow moan was the only reply.

And 'mid all this tumult the door opened again and a slender, tall figure glided in.

It was Nell.

The spell was passed.

The beautiful face was calm as a summer's morning, and sweet and happy-looking.

"What is the matter?" she cried, as she saw her husband stretched on the floor. "George—husband—what has happened?"

"Matter? You have killed him!"

Nell bent forward, saw the bruised and bleeding head, and with one shrill cry fell to the floor in another paroxysm.

The servant lifted George's head.

He cast one tender glance toward his writhing wife, and then slowly sank back, dying, with these words on his lips:

"Poor—poor Nell!"

She had heard her husband's dying words, and during the months of her captivity here, they are the only words which she has ever uttered; and as they were George Morrill's, they were also her dying words, falling from her lips as she drew a last fluttering breath.

To your query, I answered: "Yes, that every room, every door, every window, of this building, has its tale." And that is a partial history of what that one room could tell had it a tongue.

GLEN ISLAND TO GO.

Joseph P. Day offered on the premises on June 15, at absolute trustees' auction sale, by order of Langdon P. Marvin, trustee for the Glen Island Realty Development Company, bankrupt, Glen Island and its entire equipment, including all buildings and personal property now on the island.

Glen Island for the last twenty-five years has been a popular place of amusement for Westchester County, The Bronx and part of New York City. It is located about 380 feet from the New Rochelle shore, and is completely surrounded by the waters of Long Island Sound, and is in close proximity to Hunter's Island and Davenport's Neck and Fort Slocum, and in the immediate vicinity of City Island and Travis Island.

The island consists of approximately eighty acres of land and twenty-five of riparian rights. The parklike grounds, with winding asphalt walks, large old shade trees, shrubbery, summer houses, small lakes with grottoes, statuary, bronze figures of animals and lighted drives, all tend to make it one of the most picturesque of amusement places.

Attached to this offering of real estate is the personal property of the Glen Island Realty and Development Company, which includes the entire crockery, glass ware, coven and everything necessary for the successful operation of the island. Unique in this offering is the sale of the museum property, which includes mummies of the year 33 B. C., Indian relics from the Stone Age, Egyptian relics from the eighth century, beaded work made by the American Indians, a piano made for John Jacob Astor in the year 1795, together with an autograph letter ordering same, a desk on which Aaron Burr wrote his challenge to Alexander Hamilton; the first fire engine used in New York City, the last cannon fired by General Sherman on his march to the sea, and a large amount of warlike implements used by the various nations, and also a check signed by George Washington.

The island with the buildings thereon was offered separately, as were the various glassware, crockery and copper ware and the relics in the museum, and these were called for on the entire island, buildings and relics as one parcel.

NEWS OF THE DAY

A sudden toothache which annoyed a horse at Indianapolis, Ind., recently as it was being driven to a horse dentist so impressed the animal with the necessity for speed that it ran away, wrecking a buggy and painfully injuring Andy Hartmann, a farmer living southeast of Irvington, Ind., and his companion, Marion Sutton, who were thrown from the vehicle.

Francis Davis, colored, 117 years old, was buried recently at the county farm, near Janesville, Wis., where he had been a charge for years. He was in good health up to recently and often recalled incidents of the war of 1812. He was brought North by Wisconsin soldiers, who marched through Georgia with Gen. Sherman. His wife, who died a few years ago, did washing for soldiers in the war of 1812.

Mrs. Reuben Goldman, of Lincolnton, Ga., has been greatly astonished lately at the strange growth of stem that has put out from her night-blooming cereus. It has already climbed upward fully ten feet like a stalk of asparagus. No other plant of this kind has done this around Lincolnton, and it is regarded by the ladies as a curiosity. The only explanation lies in the fact that there are several kinds of cereus. There is one, for instance, known to botanists as the cereus giganteus which has a column sixty feet tall. It grows in Texas and New Mexico. It may be that Mrs. Goldman's cereus is a first cousin to this plant.

Secretary Daniels has announced that the cruiser Columbia, now in reserve at Philadelphia, will be commissioned to serve as a flagship for Captain A. W. Grant, commanding the Atlantic submarine flotilla, and also as a schoolship for the training of additional men for submarine service. Captain Grant has just left Washington after conferences with Secretary Daniels, Admiral Benson and officers of the bureau charged with duties affecting submarines. Since his appointment as commander of the flotilla Captain Grant has been closely studying the flotilla and the best means to provide for the manning of submarines now nearing completion.

Automobile tourists can now proceed safely on practically all of the transcontinental highways from coast to coast. The announcement just made by the Goodrich National Touring Bureau. The large mountain snows that have barricaded certain of the passes in the Western mountain ranges are now cleared, and hundreds of transcontinental tourists who were held up east of the ranges are now crossing the snow on their way to the Pacific coast. The Goodrich National Touring Bureau has prepared complete road descriptions and transcontinental books covering all of the recommended lateral highways from coast to coast which can be provided gratis from automobile clubs or through local garages.

The firm of expert accountants employed under resolution of the House of Representatives of the last Missouri Legislature to check up the business affairs of the State institution made public the report which will be submitted on the penitentiary. The great part of the report is devoted to the commissary department, concerning which the report says: "The condition of affairs existing during the early part of the period under review is chaotic, in so far as it was quite impossible for this department to keep track of the prison supplies. Our examination of the records of this department are not satisfactory owing to the lack of data. For the two years ending Dec. 31, 1914, foodstuffs valued at \$8,000 in the commissary are not accounted for. An allowance is made to the warden, as fixed by the Board of Inspectors," says the report, "of 50 cents a day for each of five prisoners who act as servants in his home. This allowance is taken in the form of foodstuffs from the commissary, but the food is not such as is supplied to other prisoners. It includes Maraschino cherries, chocolates, olives, after-dinner mints, walnuts, almonds, oranges, grapefruit and dainties of similar nature.

Five years ago Bob Carley came to Glenburn, Me., as a tramp too ill to travel. After recuperating he spent the winter in cutting and shaving hoop-poles, earning a living, and having \$10 coming to him in the spring. With this money he bought ten acres of alder-grown hoop-pole swamp, and began to burn rough alder wood into charcoal, which he sold in Bangor. He used the crooked sticks for making rustic lawn furniture—settees, chairs and rude swings—all of which found quick sales among the summer visitors who owned cottages. Later in the season he reaped tons of cat-tail flags, the leaves of which are used by coopers for chinking in between their new barrel staves, and which sold for \$60 a ton, ten times the price of ordinary meadow hay. The next winter he again turned his energies to making hoop-poles. Owing to the rapid growth of the alders, he learned that the sprouts would grow from the size of a lead pencil to four and five inches in diameter and be fit for cutting in ten years. By dividing his land into ten lots, each containing an acre, and cutting off one acre every year, he could keep up a succession of fuel and charcoal for all time. Last summer Carley built a house costing nearly \$2,000. It is finished and paid for, and the owner has money in two banks, and is getting an income of \$1,500 a year from a strip of swamp land which was not thought to be worth returning thanks for, and sold for about enough to pay for making out the transfer papers. Just now the citizens think the ex tramp is one of the most successful men in town, and have offered to elect him to the Legislature so he may teach the lawmakers how to earn big profits from muck swamps.

INTERESTING ARTICLES

SHOOTING AWAY COTTON.

According to an article in the Independent, guncotton, which is cotton treated in a certain way, is used in the production of more than two-thirds of England's output of powder and in more than half of the powder made in Austria, England, Sweden and Norway, while in the case of Germany the proportion is larger. As the powder factories are now working at more than full time, some estimates are that those of Europe are consuming cotton at the rate of 400,000 bales a year.

It is said further that every time the British dreadnought Queen Elizabeth fires one of her 15-inch guns at the Dardanelles forts a bale of cotton is finally consumed, and that a first-class battleship may use while in action 5,000 pounds of powder in a minute, or from 10 to 12 bales of cotton.

The great war in Europe is making a certain demand for the South's staple, but King Cotton distinctly prefers the much greater demands of industry in times of peace.

SWALLOWED TADPOLE.

The eighteen-months-old child of Mrs. Harry Wolf, of Chicago, is dead, following an operation which disclosed conditions that many surgeons had declared to be impossible.

While visiting her parents in Syracuse, Kosciusko County, last summer, Mrs. Wolf permitted the baby to drink hydrant water. Within a short time the infant became sickly and lost flesh. Treatment for indigestion was given, but it did not reach the seat of the trouble. Then an X-ray examination disclosed a black spot on the stomach, and an operation resulted in a frog weighing more than half a pound being taken from the infant.

Doctors who operated said they believed that when the child drank hydrant water at Syracuse a tadpole was taken into the stomach, and that the frog developed and lived on milk, which was given the patient in large quantities. Following the operation the child improved rapidly, and complete recovery was practically assured, when pneumonia developed, causing death.

FOUGHT AIR DUEL.

The following official account of an engagement between a French and a German aeroplane was given out in Paris recently:

"An enemy aeroplane having been observed over our lines at Aspach, near Thann, in upper Alsace, one of our aviator sergeants took wing and mounted in thirty minutes to a height of 10,500 feet. At this altitude he engaged his enemy with a machine gun.

"To this fire the German replied with his machine gun, and one of his bullets struck the motor of the French machine. The sergeant again ascended to a position above his adversary and fired three bands of cartridges. During the third round, the German aviator was seen by the

Frenchman suddenly to throw his arms into the air. His machine then began to fall, and it came down like a stone inside of our line.

"The French aviator came down under control. Once on the ground, he examined his machine. He found that bullets fired by his antagonist had perforated his cylinder, penetrated the steel shield at the back of the motor, and riddled his sails. The Frenchman himself was slightly wounded in the neck."

TO FIND LOST EXPLORERS.

The three-masted schooner, George B. Cluett, of the Grenfell Association, under the command of Captain H. C. Pickles, sailed from New York the other day to search for the Crocker Land expedition of the American Museum of Natural History. She carries a crew of eight men and is provisioned for a two-years' cruise. The schooner will call at Boston to embark seven passengers, and will stop on the outward voyage at the hospitals of the Grenfell Association along the Labrador coast, leaving supplies of food and medicine. Her cargo of stores of all kinds, coal and medicine is valued at \$15,000. The voyage is being made under the auspices of the Museum of Natural History, and is expected to cost \$25,000 above the cargo.

Captain Pickles said he did not expect to stay away more than a year, but if the missing Crocker Land party was not found he would remain away the full two years.

The destination of the schooner is Etah, Greenland, from where the party will continue its search over the ice. The existence of Crocker Land, said to have been discovered in 1906 about 60 miles south of the North Pole, was declared to be a myth in a letter recently received from Donald B. MacMillan, the leader of the missing expedition sent out by the Museum of Natural History in July, 1913, on the Diana to explore the unknown territory.

The letter, which reached New York through Mr. MacMillan's agent in Copenhagen, was dated May 28, and read in part: "Crocker Land, reported seen by Peary in 1906, and indicated on the latest maps, does not exist. I succeeded in covering the whole distance of 1,200 miles in seventy-two days. To us, standing on the heights of Cape Thomas Hubbard, and for several days on the polar sea, there was every appearance of an immense tract of land extending along 120 degrees of the horizon, hills, valleys and snow-capped peaks. Further travel toward the northwest caused it to change its direction with the revolving of the sun. It constantly varied in extent and character and finally on our last march disappeared entirely."

After the return to Etah the explorers wrote that they had planned an expedition of 1,500 miles to the coast of Eloff and Amund Ringnes Land.

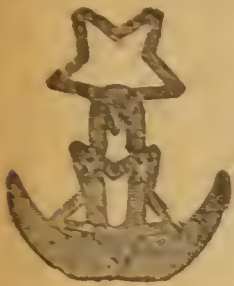
The George B. Cluett is a vessel of 110 gross tonnage, built in 1911 and presented to the Grenfell Association to aid in the mission work on the Labrador coast and was commanded by Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell.

TRICK MATCHES.



Consist of a Swedish safety box, filled with matches, which will not light. Just the thing to cure the match borrowing habit. Price, 5c., postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.



STAR AND CRESCENT PUZZLE.

The puzzle is to separate the one star from the linked star and crescent without using force. Price by mail, postpaid 10c.; 3 for 25c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

WINDOW SMASHERS.



The greatest sensation, just from Paris. A most wonderful effect of a smashing, breaking, falling pane or glass. It will electrify everybody. When you come home, slam the door shut and at the same time throw the discs to the floor. Every pane of glass in the house will at once seem to have been shattered. Price, by mail, postpaid, 35c., a set of six plates.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

TRICK CARD CASE



A simple looking case like those containing an ordinary pack of playing cards. But the top card is only a dummy. Hidden inside the seeming pack is an ingenious mechanism; when you pull out the pack a trigger is released and explodes a cap with a loud report. Perfectly harmless and yet a source of no end of fun.

Price, 25c. each, by mail, postpaid. FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

THE LITTLE GEM TELEPHONE.



The transmitter in this telephone is made from the best imported parchment; with ordinary use will last a long time; can be made in any length by adding cord; the only real telephone for the money; each one put up in a neat box; fully illustrated, with full directions how to use them. Price, 12c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE CANADIAN WONDER CARD TRICK.



Astonishing, wonderful, and perplexing! Have you seen them? Any child can work them, and yet, what they do is so amusing that the sharpest people on earth are fooled. We cannot tell you what they do, or others would get next and spoil the fun. Just get a set and read the directions. The results will startle your friends and utterly mystify them. A genuine good thing if you wish to have no end of amusement.

Price by mail, 10c. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

TANGO TOP



A brand new novelty. More fun than a circus. You spin the post with your fingers, and the snake tangoes all around the top of the circular metal box, without falling off, although it is not fastened in any way. When the post stops spinning, the snake drops from the lid. What is the secret of its great attraction to the post? The marvel of the age.

Price 10c. each, by mail, postpaid. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

THE AUTOMATIC RUNNING MOUSE



This mouse is so nearly a perfect imitation of the live animal as to not only deceive the ladies, but to even deceive the cat. Each mouse is a set of clock work which is wound up with a key, then placed on the floor and it will run in any direction in a circle across the floor backward and forward as if to get away. It is a real novelty in a room where there are ladies, and you will have the fun of watching them scream and jump upon the cat to catch the little rodent. This wonderful mouse is worth 25c., but we sell it for 10c. and send it by mail postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

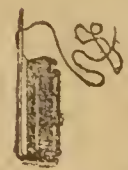
PIN MOUSE.



It is made of cast metal and has the exact color, shape and size of a live mouse. Pinned on your or somebody else's clothes, will have a startling effect upon the spectators. The screaming fun had by this little novelty, especially in the presence of ladies, is more than can be imagined. If a cat happens to be there, there's no other fun to be compared with it.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid; 3 for 25c. FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

RAVELLING JOKE.



Yards upon yards of laughs. Don't miss it! Everyone falls for this one. It consists of a nice little bobbin around which is wound a spool of thread. You pin the bobbin under the lapel of your coat, and pull the end of the thread through your button hole, then watch your friends try to pick the piece of thread off your coat. Enough said! Get one! Price, 12c. each, by mail. Postage stamps taken same as money. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

IMITATION CUT FINGER.



A cardboard finger, carefully bandaged with linen, and the side and end are blood-stained. When you slip it on your finger and show it to your friends, just give a groan or two, nurse it up, and pull a look of pain. You will get nothing but sympathy until you give them the laugh. Then duck! Price, 10c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

STRING PUZZLE



This puzzle is a wonder. It consists of two pieces of wood. A hole is bored through the upper end of both. A red string passes through the holes. Take a knife, insert it between the wooden blocks and cut upwards. You separate the pieces of wood, and the string is apparently cut in two. Close the blocks together, seize an end of the string, and you can pull the entire cord through the holes, absolutely—not cut. Very mystifying.

Price, 12c. each, by mail, postpaid. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

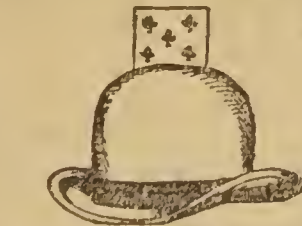
THE FIGHTING ROOSTERS.



A full blooded pair of fighting game cocks. These lilliputian fighters have real feathers, yellow legs and fiery red combs, their movements when fighting are perfectly natural and lifelike, and the secret of their movements is known only to the operator, who can cause them to battle with each other as often and as long as desired. Independent of their fighting proclivities they make very pretty mantel ornaments. Price for the pair in a strong box, 10c.; 3 pairs for 25c. by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

CARD THROUGH THE HAT TRICK



With this trick you borrow a hat, and apparently shove a card up through the crown, without injuring the card or hat. The operation can be reversed, the performer seemingly pushing the card down through the crown into the hat again. It is a trick which will puzzle and interest the closest observer and detection is almost impossible. It is so simple that a child can learn how to perform it in a few minutes.

Price 10 cents each, by mail, post-paid. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

SPRING TOPS



Something new for the boys. A top you can spin without a string. This is a decided novelty. It is of large size, made of brass, and has a heavy balance rim. The shank contains a powerful spring and has an outer casing. The top of the shank has a milled edge for winding it up. When wound you merely lift the outer casing, and the top spins at such a rapid speed that the balance rim keeps it going a long time. Without doubt the handsomest and best top in the market.

Price 12 cents each, by mail, post-paid. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

TOBACCO HABIT You can conquer it easily in 8 days. Improve your health, prolong your life. No more stomach trouble, no foul breath, no heart weakness. Regain manly vigor, calm nerves, clear eyes and superior mental strength. Whether you chew or smoke pipe, cigarettes, cigars, get my interesting Tobacco Book. Worth its weight in gold. Mailed free. E. J. WOODS. 228 H Station E. New York, N. Y.

GREENBACKS

Pack of \$1,000 Stage Bills, 10c; 3 packs, 25c. Send for a pack and show the boys what a WAD you carry. C. A. NICHOLS, JR., Box 90, Chill, N. Y.

Asthma

& HAY FEVER REMEDY sent by express to you on Free Trial. If it cures send \$1; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. Address W. K. STERLINE, 837 Poplar St. Sidney, Ohio



TRICK COIN HOLDER. — The coin holder is attached to a ring made so as to fit anyone's finger. The holder clasps tightly a 25c. piece.

When the ring is placed on the finger with the coin showing on the palm of the hand and offered in change it cannot be picked up. A nice way to tip people. Price by mail, postpaid, 10c. each.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE FRIGHTFUL RATTLESNAKE!



To all appearance it is a harmless piece of coiled paper with a mouth-piece attachment, but upon placing it to one's mouth, and blowing into the tube, an imitation snake over two feet in length springs out of the roll like a flash of lightning, producing a whistling, fluttering sound that would frighten a wild Indian. We guarantee our rattlesnake not to bite, but would not advise you to play the joke on timid women or delicate children. Each snake packed in a box. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

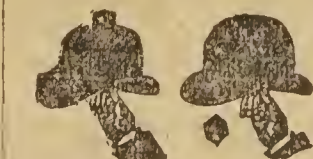
THE HIDEOUS SPIDER.



Fun for everybody with one of these handsome brutes. His body is 3 inches long, beautifully enamelled green, with white ridges, yellow speckles, bulging eyes, and a big red mouth. He is armed with six legs and two upright feelers, made of flexible spiral springs. A dark, invisible thread attached to his body lets you shake him in the air before your friends' eyes, when the legs wiggle in a most natural, lifelike manner. Guaranteed to make any lady howl and to scare the bravest hero on earth out of his boots.

Price by mail, 10c. each. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

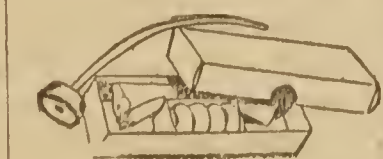
MAGIC DIE BLOCK.



A wonderfully deceptive trick! A solid block, two inches square, is made to appear and disappear at pleasure. Borrowing a hat from one of the audience, you place the block on top, sliding a cardboard cover (which may be examined) over it. At the word of command you lift the cover, the block is gone, and the same instant it falls to the floor, through the hat, with a solid thud, or into one of the spectator's hands. You may vary this excellent trick by passing the block through a table and on to the floor beneath, or through the lid of a desk into the drawer, etc. This trick never fails to astonish the spectators, and can be repeated as often as desired.

Price, 35c., postpaid. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

BUBBLER.



The greatest invention of the age. The box contains a blow-pipe of neatly enameled metal, and five tablets; also printed directions for playing numerous soap-bubble games, such as Floating Bubbles, Repeaters, Surprise Bubbles, Double Bubbles, The Boxers, Lung Tester, Supported Bubbles, Rolling Bubbles, Smoke Bubbles, Bouncing Bubbles, and many others. Ordinary bubble-blowing, with a pipe and soap water, are not in it with this scientific toy. It produces larger, more beautiful and stronger bubbles than you can get by the ordinary method. The games are intensely interesting, too.

Price, 12c. by mail. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

GOOD LUCK PUZZLE.



It consists of three horseshoes fastened together. Only a very clever person can take off the closed horseshoe from the two linked horseshoes. But it can be done in a moment when the secret is known. Price, by mail, 10c. each. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

IMITATION GOLD TEETH.



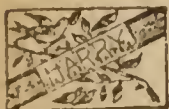
Gold plated tooth, shape made so that it will fit any tooth. Price, 5c., postpaid. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

MARBLE VASE.



A clever and puzzling effect, easy to do; the apparatus can be minutely examined. Effect: A marble can be made to pass from the hand into the closed vase, which a moment before was shown empty. This is a beautiful enameled turned wood vase. Price, 20c. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

NAME CARDS



The newest fad in picture postals. They are beautifully lithographed in a variety of colors and have various names, such as Harry, Edith, etc., printed on the reverse side. Just the thing to mail to your friends. Price 6 for 10 cents, by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.



VANISHING COINS.—A coin held in the palm of the hand is made to vanish when the hand is closed. Only one hand used. No practice required. Wonderful effect. Price, 25c. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

TRICK CUP.



Made of natural white wood turned, with two compartments; a round, black ball fits on those compartments; the other is a stationary ball. By a little practice you make the black ball vanish; a great trick novelty and immense seller. Price, 10c., postpaid. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

SURPRISE PERFUME BOTTLE.



Those in the joke may freely smell the perfume in the bottle, but the uninitiated, on removing the cork will receive the contents in his hands. This is a simple and clever joke. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid; 3 for 25c.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

DICE WATCHES



One of our best novelties. About the size of a watch, with a nickel case. A glass face encloses several ivory dice. On the rim of the case is a spring. By pressing it the dice are spun and scattered. The most intensely interesting games can be played with it. It can be carried in the vest pocket. Formerly sold for \$1.00. Price, 30c. each, by mail, postpaid. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

JUMPING JACK PENCIL.



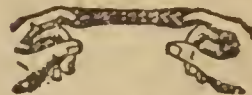
This pencil is made up in handsome style and looks so inviting that every one will want to look at it. The natural thing to do is to write with it, and just as soon as your friend tries to write, the entire inside of the pencil flies back like a jumping jack, and "Mr. Nosy" will be frightened stiff. It is one of our best pencil tricks and you will have a hard job trying to keep it. Your friends will try to take it from you. Price by mail, postpaid, 10c. each. FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

VANISHING AND RE-APPEARING EGG.—Very fine, easy to perform and it produces a marvelous and mystifying effect. Egg is made to appear and vanish right before the eyes. Beautifully made. Price, 25c.



FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

INDIAN FINGER TRAP.



A couple can be joined together and their struggle to be released only makes matters worse. It will hold them as tight as a rat-trap, and the more they try to pull away, the tighter it grips. Our traps are extra long. Price, 10c. each; 3 for 25c. by mail, postpaid. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

FLY-APART PENCILS



The party who monkeys with this pencil suddenly finds it falling to pieces in his hands. You can scare the wits out of him by saying he will have to pay for it. But it is easy to assemble the pencil again in readiness for another victim. You can have 60 yards of joy to the minute with this innocent-looking little device. Price, 15c. each, by mail, postpaid. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

NEW TEN-CENT FOUNTAIN PEN.



One of the most peculiar and mystifying pens on the market. It requires no ink. All you have to do is to dip it in water, and it will write for an indefinite period. The secret can only be learned by procuring one, and you can make it a source of both pleasure and amusement by claiming to your friends what it can do and then demonstrating the fact. Moreover, it is a good pen, fit for practical use, and will never leak ink into your pocket, as a defective fountain pen might do. Price, 10c. each by mail. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

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